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THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

(Continued.)

She fell back on the cushions of the divan, putting one hand to her eyes, the other to her heart and uttering a feeble sigh.

Oliver, who understood all, asked her:

"What ails you, my dear friend? Are you suffering?"

"Horribly."

"But a moment ago, you were perfectly well."

"It is a sudden attack."

"Where do you suffer?"

"In the head and the heart."

"What can I do for you?"

"I should have my salts bottle which I left in my room. Give me your arm, my friend, and lead me.—If I get my salts, I will be better."

"Ah!" exclaimed Oliver, "what good fortune. I have my salts bottle with me and here it is."

He drew from his pocket and presented to Carmen an elegant bottle of rock-crystal set in gold.

Carmen snatched it from the hands of her husband, approached it to her nostrils, and breathed the contents so violently that a kind of suffocation ensued.

"Take care my dear," said Oliver.

"No—No—I am better—much better—and I feel that a little fresh air will restore me completely. Let us walk around the garden."

"What? In spite of the heat of which you just now complained?"

"It is just the heat that will do me good. I am chilled."

"But you will expose your fair complexion to the sun?"

"I will open my parasol."

Carmen rose and advanced toward the door.

"If you want positively to go, so be it," said Oliver. "I cannot refuse you anything."

And he rounded his arm to present it to his wife.

A gleam of triumph flashed in Carmen's eye. But this triumph was short-lived.

Precisely at the moment when the young woman was about to leave the kiosk, footfalls were heard on the sandal walk below.

Oliver felt the hand of Carmen tingle on his wrist.

At the same time, the Marquis de Grancey appeared in the frame of the door, with a smile on his lips and his hat under his arm.

If Oliver had looked at his wife then, he would have noticed that she was as pale as death.

M. de Grancey was surprised also, but he kept his countenance, being used to scenes of the kind.

"Dear Mr. LeVaillant," said he, bowing respectfully to Carmen and taking Oliver's hand. "I am the more delighted to meet you, as I did not expect it, having been told by your domestics that you had gone out of the house."

"My people deceived you without knowing it," replied Oliver, in the calmest and most courteous manner. "They thought I had gone out as usual. But I am glad that I remained, since I have the pleasure of receiving you."

All Carmen's uneasiness was dissipated. She

cast upon George a look full of admiration and on Oliver a glance charged with disdain;

She said of the first:

"What presence of mind! What admirable self-control."

She said of the second:

"What credulity! He sees nothing! He suspects nothing!"

Meantime the Marquis was explaining to Oliver in the most natural way possible, how it was that he found himself unannounced in his garden at that early hour.

The three then entered the pavilion. Then Mr. de Grancey took his leave, being accompanied a part of the way by Oliver. When Carmen was alone, she exclaimed: "What after all

which Oliver had imposed upon her. She understood that she was being watched. She divined the suspicions of her husband. She resented his conduct and felt her love for the marquis increasing.

She next resolved to see George.

How was this to be done?

On several occasions, M. de Grancey presented himself and the answer he invariably received was:

"Mr. and Mme. Le Vaillant have gone out."

He therefore ceased calling.

"He is vexed no doubt," said Carmen.

"He thinks I am an accomplice of my husband. He will soon cease to love me. Perhaps he will hate me."

But Carmen interrupted him. "We are alone," she said: shut the door and come and sit down. I want to talk to you."

"Well, my little sister," returned Morales, "I am at your orders, as I am at the orders of Madame LeVaillant. Is not a brother, and especially such an excellent brother as I, a servant by nature?" So saying, Morales, took a chair. "Now, little sister," he continued, "what is it?"

"Look at me, brother," said Carmen. "How do I look?"

"Charming as ever."

"I do not want any compliments. I want the truth."

"It is the truth that I am telling you. You are charming, and you know it perfectly well."

"I tell you," said Carmen, with an impatient gesture, "to look me well in the face and to tell me if you see any change in my expression."

Morales looked at his sister, as a man would who resignedly submits to a woman's caprice.

"Well?" she asked, when he had concluded his examination.

"Well, you may be a little paler than usual; your cheeks are the least bit thinner; but beyond this I don't notice any change—though I may be mistaken."

"Yes, I am thinner and paler. Feel my hand, I am feverish. I am suffering, Morales, I am unhappy."

"Jealous," said Morales sententiously.

Carmen shrugged her shoulders. "Jealous! No! In love, infatuated, yes!"

"In love!" returned the Gitano in astonishment.

"Yes, in love."

"With your husband?"

Carmen burst out laughing. "Decidedly, my dear Morales," she exclaimed, "you are crazy! Your ideas are absurd."

"But if it is not your husband, who is it?"

"The Marquis de Grancey."

Morales started in his chair. "Caramba!" he murmured, "what do you tell me? You are joking, I trust."

"Do I look as if I were joking?"

"Well, this is a bad business."

"Why?"

"Because this love-affair can do no good and may perhaps end badly. I tremble at the mere thought of what it may lead to."

"What do I care for the consequences? I love and am loved, that is enough for me."

"Then the Marquis de Grancey returns your love."

"Do you think any one could know me without falling in love with me?" asked Carmen proudly.

"That is true," returned Morales reflectively.

"That brigand Quirino and the Chevalier de Najac proved that. I hope, however," he added, "that Oliver does not suspect anything."

"I think that he does."

"Caramba! that's bad. Tell me what has happened and what makes you think that your husband has his suspicions."

Thereupon Carmen told the whole story with



"SHE FELL BACK ON THE CUSHIONS OF THE DIVAN."

is one day of uneasiness? I will make up for it to-morrow."

XXXIX.

MORALES RETURNS.

Carmen was mistaken.

"You do not go out enough," said Oliver to her the next day. "You need distraction. You have neglected your health. I must help you to repair it."

And, notwithstanding the objections of his wife, he took her out for a long ride every evening.

Thus the interviews of Carmen and the marquis were interrupted.

Oliver certainly meant well, but he did not know the female heart. By putting obstacles in the way of his wife's passion, he was only increasing its violence. He should have been more frank and far firmer. As it was, he was only precipitating a crisis.

This soon took place.

At the end of a week, the former dancing girl broke out in open revolt against the slavery

This thought almost crazed her.

Meantime, Morales was very happy. Well lodged, well dressed, well fed, well supplied with money, he prayed Heaven thankfully, morning and evening, and desired nothing better than that such an existence might be indefinitely prolonged.

One day, this conscientious fellow seated before a large desk in his bed chamber, was counting his money.

Some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," he said.

A valet entered, lowering profoundly.

The Gitano raised his head and said:

"What do you want?"

"Madame desires that Don Guzman shall call on her in her apartment."

"Return and tell madam that I shall have the honor to obey her orders."

The valet departed.

Morales put on a coat of red velvet, and other articles of elegant toilet and went on his errand. Carmen was alone and awaited him with impatience.

"You did me the honor of asking for me, madame. Here I am at your orders."

which our readers are acquainted. When she had finished Morales remained silent, contenting himself with nodding his head expressively a score of times.

"What do you think of it?" asked Carmen. "I think you are playing a mighty dangerous game, and that you are right in supposing that that good fellow your husband suspects something. His sudden change of conduct is proof enough that he is jealous of the Marquis. Do you want me to give you a piece of good advice?"

"If you like you may, but I warn you before hand that in all probability I shall neglect it." "So much the worse for you. However, here it is: Give up this folly, which must end badly, and remember that after all Oliver is a good fellow and has done a great deal for you."

"You are mistaken Morales, he has done nothing for me."

"For whom then?"

"For Don José's daughter. There is no such person as Carmen to him. True he bestowed his name and fortune on Annunziata, but Carmen owes him no gratitude."

"That is more sophistry. I can give you no reply, it would be too long. But, after all, he loves you."

"No."

"Is it possible? You were saying just now that no one who knew you could help loving you."

"Oliver is an exception. I have not the least influence over him. His icy indifference to me has always wounded my woman's *amour-propre*."

"Would your husband be jealous if he did not love you?"

"He is only jealous of his honor."

Morales made no reply. After pondering a few moments he looked up. "I suppose," he said "that you did not send for me with the sole intention of making me your confidant."

"You are right in supposing so."

"You have an idea you want to carry out?"

"Yes."

"And you need me to help you?"

"Yes."

"Say on. What are your projects? I am ready to do all in my power to help you."

"I wish to see M. de Grancey again. But first of all I want to write to him."

"There is nothing to hinder you, only it will be well to be prudent."

"What have people in love to do with prudence?"

"Just for that reason the young god should be whipped out of the world."

"It is easy to see that you never were in love, my poor Morales."

"Never for one single hour. That is the literal truth. And this is undoubtedly the reason that I get on this world. It seems to me right enough to appreciate women in general; but to adore one in particular—it is fatal! That is my opinion. I believe it to be the correct one, and it is not my intention to change it in a hurry."

"Enough wandering from the subject, Morales."

"I am silent."

"Here is the letter."

"The letter for the Marquis."

"Yes."

"Plague! you have lost no time. And who is to give it him? Who is to bring back the answer?"

"Some one in whom I have every confidence."

"Take care, sister. Confidence is not always well placed."

"I have nothing to fear from the person I mean. You know him well."

"Does he live in this house?"

"Yes."

"You surprise me. All whom I know who live in this house are arrant rogues, with the exception of old Zephyr, and he is only a fool. So who is this messenger who is so sure and trustworthy?"

"You self, brother."

Morales drew back as his sister held out the letter to him, as he would have had he seen a rattlesnake preparing to spring at him.

"I!" he cried three times in three different tones of voice. "No! no! no!"

"Then you refuse to do me this service?" asked Carmen.

"Such a service as that. I should think so."

To be continued.

THAT MR. SMITH.

"Dear aunt, do you suppose I shall be as cross-grained as you are when I get to be forty-five?"

"Oh, Nettie! how can you talk so to me—I, who have been a mother to you?" was the smiling reply, for well Mrs. Dee knew her wayward niece.

And now the little witch turned on her with sparkling eyes, saying—

"If you were not the dearest little fairy of an aunt, I should really get angry with you for suggesting such a thing. Marry Mr. Smith, indeed!"

"Nettie, darling, I did not ask you to marry him. Seriously, would it not be prudent to wait till the gentleman himself propounded the momentous question?" was Mrs. Dee's mischievous rejoinder.

"I see I shall have no peace in the house, so I will seek another refuge."

Snatching up her hat, she was gone.

Sauntering down a lovely country by-lane, so deeply immersed in thought, she ran plump into the arms of a gentleman with spectacles.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, how did you get here?"

"Walked to be sure."

"Oh, I meant what are you doing away out here? I thought you were in S—"

"No; I was drawn magnetically hither by a pair of brown eyes belonging to a certain little friend of mine."

"Pshaw! What nonsense!"

"Miss Nettie, I am in earnest; and if you will sit down here, I will tell you that which I have been trying to say for a long time."

"Dear me! Mr. Smith, I haven't time to sit down, and even if I had, I wouldn't sit down here on this grass, and stain my new muslin. I really am in a great hurry. I—but good morning. You will find aunt at the house. She will be delighted to see you."

She hurried off, leaving him standing alone, gazing after her graceful figure.

"By Jove! I never can catch her," was his despairing thought.

While Nettie indignantly pursued her way, muttering—

"The old silly! to think I would become Mrs. Smith—and he with red hair and beard! Spectacles too! Oh, Harry, Harry!"

And having turned a corner, her hurry suddenly ceased.

She threw herself down under a wide-spread ink oak, and sobbed aloud.

My heroine was nineteen, slender and graceful as a swaying willow, with creamy complexion, dark brown eyes, and a wealth of golden curls.

A year ago she was the betrothed of a promising young man, named Harry Leaverton, whom she almost idolized.

He had been compelled to go abroad, and, as Nettie's aunt would not consent to give her up for another year, he was forced to go without Nettie, but taking her promise to become his wife on his return.

At first his letters had been frequent, then they ceased entirely.

One morning, on looking over the papers, she had come upon the shipwreck of the "Golden Arrow," and among the lost passengers was the name of Harry Leaverton.

"False and dead," she moaned, as the paper fell from her nerveless fingers; and for the first time in her life she fainted.

Her aunt, coming in, picked up the paper, and had no need to inquire the cause of her niece's condition.

For several months she drooped, when, summer having come, her aunt took her to N—.

But the sight of the sea made her so ill that she was whisked off to London.

Here she regained some of her old gaiety, and, for a while, appeared to enjoy the excitement.

But again languor seized her frame, and telling her aunt that "odious Mr. Smith was torturing her life out," the indulgent lady whirled her off to the country.

And now the indefatigable Mr. Smith had tracked her out again.

But if we leave her under that oak much longer, she will indeed spoil her muslin; and not only that, but her pretty eyes also.

But she has raised herself, fearing Mr. Smith will follow, and catching her crying, will flatter himself it is on account of her rudeness to him.

The thought gave her new strength, and tying on her hat, she again set forth.

Coming to a small stream, over which a tree, smoothly worn, had been thrown, she attempted to cross.

Alas for that muslin, and those dainty feet unused to such bridges.

Her high-heeled shoes refused to stand straight.

So did their owner, and she was soon struggling in the water.

But it was not deep, and she finally recovered her equilibrium.

She thought she would wade out, but, with a sharp cry of pain, sat down on the log.

She had sprained her ankle.

"Altho! Miss Nettie. Surely you are not trying to imagine yourself at Ramsgate, and thus sporting in the briny waters?"

It was a woefully drenched figure and pale little face which confronted the redoubtable Mr. Smith.

The sight of him aroused Nettie's dormant spirit, and she again essayed to rise.

But, with a low moan, again sank back.

"Good Heaven! My darling, what is the matter?"

And he was by her side like a flash.

"Nothing. You've no right to talk so to me. Leave me."

"I shall not do any such thing. Don't you see you can't walk?"

"Well, I believe I have hurt my foot, but I know I can walk."

But it was vain to try, and so she submitted to be carried out.

When Mr. Smith got on terra firma again, he knew by her pale face that she had swooned from pain.

He showered kisses and water upon it, but they availed nothing. He became alarmed.

But again clasping her in his arms, he hurried to the house.

Fortunately it was not far.

Mr. Dee ran out with a scared, white face.

"Oh, Har—Mr. Smith, what is the matter?"

"Our little Nettie tried to cross the stream, and fell. I fear she has sprained her foot."

The unfortunate ankle kept Nettie confined to the house a great many days.

Then who was so kind as Mr. Smith? Daily she received a nice basket of fruit and flowers, a book, or something nice which would cause the tedious hours to hasten.

Nettie's obdurate little heart was melted.

At last she came downstairs.

Mr. Smith was the first to welcome her.

"Now, Nettie, wouldn't you like to ride?"

"Oh, yes. How kind you are! It has been so long since I rode out, and everything looks so pleasant."

"Nettie, dear, wrap up well. These October days are rather chilly," said her aunt.

"What would I do without my prudent aunt? Come, Mr. Smith, I am ready."

And, kissing her aunt, she was gone.

They rode very slowly and silently for a few moments, when Mr. Smith said—

"Dear Nettie, will you listen now to what I wish to say?"

Blushingly she acquiesced.

"Darling, I have loved you long and earnestly. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Smith, you do me much honour; but I do not love you as I should love my husband."

"I am willing to wait for that love to come, for come it will."

"But you do not know what I mean. I once loved a noble gentleman, and love him yet, although he is dead and proved false."

"Darling, I was not false. Do you not know me?"

And Mr. Smith's hat was off in a trice; his hair, beard, and spectacles followed suit.

"Oh, Harry, my own love!" she murmured, with a gasp.

It was indeed Harry Leaverton.

Explanations now ensued.

He had written regularly, and at first received regular replies.

But his cousin, Tom Leaverton, was also in love with Nettie Dee, and intercepted the letters, then contrived to have Harry's name in the list of lost passengers.

"So you will never marry Mr. Smith?"

"Oh, auntie, how can you? And you knew Harry all the time?"

"To be sure, when he told me at N—.

But I wished to see how Mr. Smith would succeed."

He succeeded so well that at Christmas a large bridal party was assembled at Church, where Mrs. Dee gave away the pretty bride, and Tom Leaverton was groomsmen, having sued for, and obtained forgiveness for so basely interfering with his cousin's love affairs.

Like all fashionable articles, however, and especially in cities, the question of the expense of such decorations is by no means an unimportant one, and doubtless many of our country readers would stand aghast at the prices demanded by New York florists for baskets of the commonest wild grasses and ferns, even such as flourish in abundance on every brook side. Fifteen dollars is the usual cost of a simple rustic stand, filled and hanging baskets range from five to ten dollars each. The more elaborate devices, which include bowls of gold fish, or cages of birds, with, perhaps, a few exotic plants, bring sums which are far beyond the reach of ordinary purses. Paying these prices is, however, not at all necessary, if one has a little mechanical ingenuity coupled with a fair share of good taste. We have made beautiful flower baskets from old wooden chopping trays that have survived their turn of usefulness in the kitchen, though perhaps clean new ones would be better. All the materials needed are some sticks of red cedar with the bark on, or, if this variety of wood cannot be obtained, almost any kind can be pressed into service, except alanthus and kindred sorts, the bark of which peels off bodily; a few bits of rattan, some gnarled roots, a paper of brads, and a little varnish, complete the requirements. A good plan is to cut the cedar sticks into pieces, say three in-

ches long, split them, sharpen both ends, and nail these neatly around and outside the upper edge of the bowl. Then fasten bits of root or twine the rattan around beneath and finish with an irregular knob below. For handles, select three strong pieces of rattan, and secure them firmly to the bowl, letting them extend about two feet above the same and meet in a neat loop. The bowl should not be less than six inches deep, in order to give the roots of the plants plenty of room to grow downward. After the construction of the basket is finished, give it a coat of varnish and the work is done. Dried walnut skins, pine cones, acorns, split butternuts, or even chestnut burrs may be used as ornaments instead of pieces of root. We have also seen some very neat arrangements made entirely of the shells of English walnuts, which had been carefully removed. In filling the basket, first place some broken stone or bits of china at the bottom to serve for drainage, and above add loose earth made of two thirds garden soil and one third sand. As regards plants, unless the basket be large, or a stand (which, by the way, can be made of a soap box, lined with zinc and mounted on feet) be used, we do not believe in any large variety of flowers in a single receptacle. It is nonsense to mix exotics with wild ferns and grasses, because the nature of soil which suits one is generally not beneficial to the other; and very often the warm uniform temperature, necessary for delicate plants, is fatal to the more hardy varieties from the woods and pastures. Fill a basket entirely with English ivy or smilax, and a luxuriant growth can be obtained, particularly if too many shoots be not set in. City florists aim to cram as much as possible into their baskets, and are totally regardless whether the broad leaves of the begonias shade the stems and roots of the more delicate creeping vines. In first setting in the plants, however place them for a few days in a cold room until new shoots appear. Remember also that plants, and especially ivy, will not grow without light, particularly in the house. Place a pot of ivy, after it has begun growing, for a few days in the shady part of a room, and the young shoots will speedily turn white, while the older leaves will begin to drop off. There is another fact that amateur house gardeners forget, and that is that the roots of a plant need plenty of air; and hence pretty pots of painted china or majolica ware will not answer to contain the earth for their reception. If such vessels be used, the common earthenware pot must be set inside of them, with plenty of intermediate space between; while care should be taken that the higher edges of the outer pot do not shade the base of the plant. Weak vegetation may be rejuvenated with a little ammonia, but it must be used with care, as too much kills. About two drops in a teacupful of water given once a week, we have found to be plenty for a good sized plant, particularly if the earth around the roots be kept loose and not allowed to pack hard.

A very pretty adornment for picture frames is German ivy, a common trailing vine which grows with great luxuriance. All the old medicine phials which infest out of the way closets may be utilized for this purpose. These should be filled with water and hung behind the pictures, and a slip of the ivy inserted. The vine is quite hardy. We have seen a single slip, in a pint bottle, grow until it ran along the entire length of a moderate sized room. In the back volumes of our journal will be found described a host of ingenious ideas of this description. We recently noted a way to raise oak trees in hyacinth glasses, it being merely necessary to suspend the acorn inside and a little above the water. A sponge moistened and with fine seed scattered in its pores, soon becomes a mass of living verdure, though a prettier ornament we think can be made of a large pine burr, similarly prepared and hung, like the acorn, over water. Fine grass seed is the best to use. Wardian cases are very easily made. A shallow box lined with zinc, with some holes on the sides to ventilate the soil, and a large glass shade, easily obtained for a small sum, answer the purpose. The plants take care of themselves, the water which they evaporate condensing on the glass and running back to the soil, so that a species of circulation is constantly maintained. Insect fanciers can combine animal and vegetable life very nicely in one of these cases, as quite an assortment of bugs may be kept alive in them even through the winter. Of course such varieties should be selected as will not feed on the plants.

About as pretty a vine as can be selected for window dressing may be obtained from the ordinary sweet potato. The bulb need only be set in a hyacinth glass, and it will soon send out shoots. Hyacinths look very pretty on a window sill; but in raising them in glass, it should be remembered to keep them in the dark until the roots are two inches long, and also to change the water frequently, never allowing the new supply to be colder than that removed. Dried leaves and vines also make tasteful ornaments if they are properly prepared. Doubtless many have gathered fall leaves, and are waiting for a convenient rainy Saturday to arrange them. To such we may remark that the best plan is, not to use varnish, because the leaves thus treated soon lose their color. Wax is preferable, and is easily laid on with a warm sadiron. Group the leaves in bouquets with plenty of fern, fasten them at the back to a piece of cardboard, and tack them against the wall. We recently gave a description of how very pretty leaf pictures may be made, to which the reader should also refer. German ivy, dried in sprays, looks nicely over pictures in places where the plant will not grow in the bottle or where the living vine is not desired.—Scientific American.

ELODIA.

O sudden heaven! superb surprise!
O day to dream again!
O Spanish eyebrows, Spanish eyes,
Voice and allures of Spain!

No answering glance her glances seek,
Her smile no suitor knows;
That lucid pallor of her cheek
Is lovelier than the rose;—

But when she wakens, when she stirs,
And life and love begin,
How blaze those amorous eyes of hers,
And what a god within!

I saw her heart's arising strife,
Half eager, half afraid;
I paused; I would not wake to life
The tinted marble maid.

But starlike through my dreams shall go,
Pale, with a fiery train,
The Spanish glory, Spanish glow,
The passion which is Spain.

The Triumph of Innocence.

Near the eastern extremity of the island of Cuba, where the palm and orange trees rear their fragrant heads in wild and luxuriant beauty, a little creek makes in from the blue and flashing sea, and extends inland for several miles, but hidden from the eye of the casual passer by a thick growth of mangrove and other tropical bushes that fringe its winding banks.

At one point this creek makes a curve or sweep, in such a manner as to form a sort of bay or cove, with sufficient water for vessels of a light draught to make a harbour there. In this little cove, at the time of the opening of our tale, two schooners lay lazily riding at their anchors, like two sleeping warriors reposing side by side upon the field of their glory.

They were vessels of about two hundred tons burden each, very sharp and rakish, and with immensely heavy masts and yards, as if intended more for fast sailing than for the burdens they were expected to carry. They were both armed with twenty-four-pound carronades, with a single long brass thirty-two andships, and altogether had a very suspicious appearance, notwithstanding that their decks were entirely deserted, save by a rough-looking sentinel, who, armed with a heavy cutlass, paraded to and fro the quarter deck of each as regularly as the motion of a pendulum.

On the green beach in front of the anchorage, where the two schooners were lying, might have been seen a little collection of huts with a formidable-looking fortress situated on an open square, surrounded on all sides by the dwellings of the inhabitants, which it was evidently intended to protect. Several heavy pieces of artillery protruded their black, mischievous-looking muzzles through embrasures cut in the walls of the fortress, like the port-holes of a man-of-war, and it was evident, from the appearance of the establishment, that no honest community had its dwelling there. Several rude and weather-beaten-looking men, clad in a sort of outlandish uniform, were lounging round among the bamboo-thatched huts, evidently impatient with their shore life, and anxious to be off again upon the blue waves of the laughing sea, whose glorious waters might be discerned from the spot, stretching far away, until they mingled with the golden-hued ring of the horizon.

Among this rude and fierce-looking fraternity might have been seen one who was a man of quiet and dignified deportment, and who seemed desirous of keeping himself aloof from the rugged herd by which he was surrounded. He was apparently not more than thirty years of age, with a sun-burned, ruddy countenance, and with an eye that shone like one of the frozen Pleiades on a cold and frosty night. His dress too was of a much finer material than that worn by the others, and a single glance would have sufficed to tell to the most casual observer that he could have been none other than the leader or commander of the band, who were lounging about the huts with a restlessness which told how little they relished the inactive life they were doomed for a time to lead.

Such was in fact the case. The individual described was Alphonse Haristene, one of the most daring and dreaded corsairs that ever infested the seas, and his terrible fame had already extended over the whole maritime world. Cruel and reckless, he destroyed without mercy all who fell into his power.

For many years this dreaded pirate had occupied the little creek at the eastern extremity of Cuba, and had fortified it in such a manner as to defy the attacks of any force that would be likely to be sent against him; and here in a guarded security he spent his leisure time when wearied with his cruises at sea, and when his crew required recreation and rest from their labours. But there was one thing wanting to complete his happiness, and that one thing he was now determined to have.

Alphonse Haristene paced slowly to and fro between two of the huts for a considerable time without speaking to any one, occasionally casting his eyes with a long and wistful gaze off upon the waters of the far-stretching sea. His mind was evidently ill at ease, for at intervals he muttered to himself in broken accents, and seemed determined upon some project, the nature of which as yet remained locked in his own breast.

"It is no use living longer in this way," at length he said, "I am wearied with my loneliness,

and the time has come. She must be old enough by this time, I think. Let me see. It must be some twelve years since I saw her. Yes, she must be eighteen now—just the right age! By Jupiter! I'll about it at once!"

Taking a silver whistle from his pocket, Haristene blew a shrill note, and at once, as if they well knew its import, the whole band of corsairs, some two hundred in number, came thronging from the huts around their chieftain, eager to hear what he had to communicate to them. When they had all assembled in a circle around their leader Haristene addressed them in the following words:

"My lads, I have assembled you together in order to lay before you a scheme that I have in contemplation, and which I expect you will heartily join in with, and assist me to carry into execution."

"Name it! name it!" cried several in the same breath, "and you'll find that we will not be backward in assisting you to carry out your plans. Name the project."

"Enough, my lads; your very earnestness convinces me of your sincerity, and I thank you for this additional proof of your devotion to my person and the noble cause in which we are engaged. Listen to me, then, with patience. Many years ago, before I joined your honorable fraternity, and while I was a sailor before the mast, I chanced to be at a certain place, where I beheld the most beautiful child the world ever saw. She could not have been at that time more than six years of age, but her childish beauty, even at that time, made an impression upon my heart that has never been effaced. I have ever since the moment I beheld her determined that she should be my bride at some future time. Since that period full twelve years have elapsed, and I calculate that she must now be about eighteen—just the right age. Now, my lads, my situation here is very lonely as you must all well know, and can you guess what I propose to do?"

"Go off on an expedition and seize upon the maiden," said one of the pirate in reply.

"You are right. Get all ready, as I wish to sail this very morning. My heart has pined for that sweet being for long and weary years, and she must now be mine. I cannot live here in loneliness longer. What say you, my lads? Shall I reckon upon your assistance?"

"You may, you may," shouted a dozen at the same instant; and like a swarm of bees the horde separated and went their several ways.

Never did the sun shine upon a fairer creature than the sweet and bonnie Adelaide de Warren, the belle of Martinique. With a form whose matchless symmetry might challenge comparison with the models of the most famous sculptors of antiquity, and a face which ever seemed illuminated with the beautiful sunshine that dwelt within, she moved about the admired of all beholders—the observed of all observers. She was now about eighteen years of age, and although her favour had been sought by many there was but one who filled a niche in that temple of purity, the shrine of her fresh young heart.

Louis de Villiers, the young duke de Montfort, was a youth who united in his person all the noble qualities that of right belonged to the members of the old régime. At an early age he had entered the French navy as a midshipman, and had already arrived at the rank of a lieutenant, having won his way to promotion by many a gallant deed, which had rendered his name famous throughout the vine-clad land of France.

For the last three years the frigate to which he was attached had been upon the West India station, and, being much at Martinique, he had been accidentally thrown into the society of the fair Adelaide de Warren, the belle of the island. To see her, to know her, and to love her, were to the susceptible and gallant Villiers synonymous terms; and it was not long ere fortune favored him with an opportunity of declaring his passion to the object of his affections.

It was a bright and sunny day in April when the young duke proposed to the gentle Adelaide to take a gallop through the wood to a long, high cape, at the eastern extremity of the island, which overlooked the waters of the sleeping sea, on which many a distant vessel reposed with folded wing, like some diminutive seabird, awaiting for a breeze to bear them on the way to their destined ports. It was a beautiful spot, from which could be descried the lovely and verdant landscape for many miles around; the French fleet at anchor in the bay; the houses of the town nestled in diminutive masses together, with the zigzag windings of the mazy streets. All could be as distinctly traced as the dotted lines upon a map, and appeared like some Lilliputian model of a fairy scene.

It was towards sunset, and a cool and refreshing breeze had just sprung up, and came flitting over the waters of the sparkling sea, crisping their tiny waves, and then, as it reached the land, waving the tall palm-trees to and fro, and passing with a rustling sound through their leaves and branches.

Adelaide and Villiers, having tethered their horses to a tree, wandered along the beach, which at that spot sloped gradually down to the water's edge, until they came to a huge rock, which offered a most tempting place of rest, and from which could be obtained a view of many miles in extent. They were now a long distance from any human habitation, and the place and the hour seemed well calculated to open their hearts to all the tender influence of love.

The young couple seated themselves upon the rock, and after remaining for some time lost in a delicious reverie Villiers broke the silence by a declaration of his passion, and poured into the listening ear of the maiden a story of all his hopes and fears.

But Adelaide de Warren, though gentle and kind-hearted, was yet a trifle of a coquette; and with the vacillating spirit of many of her sex resolved that she would not unconditionally surrender herself to any man, although that man might, as in the present case, have proved himself a hero. She therefore answered his pleadings with an averted gaze, and informed him that the man who won her hand must expect to perform some feat of arms for her, which should render him worthy of her consideration.

"Name it, name it; what shall it be?" cried the youth, energetically.

"Nay, you must study some plan to win my admiration. I cannot surrender at discretion to any person who has not performed some deed of daring for my sake, and mine alone."

"And if I were to perform some desperate deed of chivalry for your dear sake, would you then consent to crown my wishes?"

"Perhaps so," said the maiden, archly, and with a light and silvery laugh; "you shall see when the time comes. But look! what is that vessel doing there, Villiers? She seems to behave strangely."

"Yes, strangely enough," answered the young officer, steadily regarding the vessel in question; "we will watch her for a short time and see what it all means."

The craft which had attracted the attention of the two lovers, for such they really were despite the efforts of one of them to hide her feelings from the eyes of the other, was a long, low, black, and rakish-looking schooner, which during the discourse above narrated had come up within a short distance of the land, and having brailled up her foresail and hauled down her flying jib had been hove to under her fore topsail and mainsail, and one of her quarter boats was now being lowered and manned preparatory to putting off for the shore.

"What can all this mean, Villiers?" inquired the maiden, in a tone of alarm; "look! the men that are getting into the boat are armed! Let us take our departure or some harm may befall us."

"Fear not—they will not harm us. I suspect it is a party of smugglers; at any rate I wish to remain until they land and see what it means. Don't fear, dearest, they shall not harm you so long as I have the power left me of protecting you."

The confident tone in which the young officer spoke reassured the fair girl, and she determined to remain. The boat was now rapidly drawing near the shore, and Villiers could see that she was full of armed men; but what their purposes might be remained to him wrapped in the most impenetrable mystery. In a short time, however, the boat reached the shore, and, being hauled up on the beach, the party landed, and leaving two men in charge of the cutter the remainder of her crew, consisting of twelve ruffianly looking creatures, headed by a man much more genteel in his appearance than any of his followers, took their way along the beach in such a direction as Villiers quickly saw would bring them very near the spot where he and Adelaide were seated.

"Let us fly," said the maiden, trembling violently. "Look! what a ferocious set they are! If they should chance to be pirates what would become of us? We should be destroyed!"

"It is too late to fly now, dearest. If we were to attempt it we should be seen, and they would quickly overtake you. Besides, they cannot, I think, be pirates. What would pirates be doing here? Our best plan I believe is to remain where we are, and let them pass us. They will probably not molest us."

"Heaven grant they do not, Villiers, but I feel a presentiment of evil," said the fair Adelaide, shrinking back.

As the rude-looking men approached still nearer where the two lovers were seated Villiers began to hope they might pass him by without notice; but in this he was mistaken. The route pursued by the party was one which would lead them to town, whither they seemed bound; but just before turning an angle in the beach which would have hidden Villiers from their sight fate ordained that one of the coarse men should espy them.

Quick as thought the attention of the others was called to them, when, instead of pursuing their way, they paused abruptly, and after a little low-toned consultation among themselves, the whole party came forward and were quickly confronting the young officer and his terrified companion.

"Maybe," said one off the men who seemed the leader of the party, "you can inform me whether one Monsieur de Warren still resides in the neighbouring town. I have particular reasons for wishing to find his whereabouts."

"There is a gentleman of that name residing there," replied the young officer, in a careless tone, while Adelaide averted her face from the party, "but why do you wish to see him?"

"Perhaps you can also inform me," continued the other, without noticing the question, "whether he has a daughter, and, if so, whether she still remains unmarried."

At this last remark Adelaide, who trembled like an aspen leaf, cast a furtive glance upon the questioner, while her face assumed the hue of the sculptor's marble, and then withdrew her gaze. But short as had been that glance

it had been sufficient. The stranger saw that the pale trembler was the person he sought, and quick as thought he shouted:

"That's her! Seize her, and bear her off to the boat! Fate has assisted us in a most marvellous manner! She has saved us the trouble of going to the town and hunting her out as we had intended, and as come out, like a sensible girl as she is, to meet us. Take her, my lads, and away to the boat with her!"

"What means this outrage?" shouted Villiers as the ruffianly gang were about to lay violent hands upon his lady-love, "and who are you, sir?" addressing the leader, "who are about to commit this deed?"

"Softly, softly, good master," said the ruffian, in an ironical tone, "you shall know all in due season. In the first place you ask what this means. Know then that many years ago when this lovely young lady was a mere child, and I a sailor before the mast, I chanced to be at this island, and one day caught a glimpse of her walking with an old gentleman in the plaza. I immediately inquired who and what she was, and since that moment her dear image has remained impressed upon my memory. I swore to wait until she had grown to be a woman, and then to bear her off and make her my bride. As to your second question who I am my name is Haristene the Pirate! Perhaps you have heard of me."

"Yes, villain, often! You are the scourge of mankind—the blackest—"

"I can't remain here talking with you, sir," said Haristene, in a sarcastic tone, "I have other business on my hands. Take that young lady, my lads, and bear her off to the boat. I will be with you anon. Away with her!"

The pirates quickly gathered around the trembling maiden, and despite her cries and lamentations bore her off. Villiers struggled with her captors with all his might, but what could he, an unarmed man, effect against twelve armed ruffians, bent upon carrying out the orders of their leader?

Nothing, for when he seized upon one of the gang who was bearing away his love another of the ruffians dealt him a powerful blow upon the head with his fist, which sent him bleeding and insensible upon the earth. And there, after giving him a contemptuous kick or two, the pirates left him, and hurried onward with their prize.

When at length the young officer came to his senses he rose to his feet, and saw that the boat containing Adelaide had been pushed off and was making for the schooner.

Running down to the beach, the young man shouted to the maiden:

"Keep up good spirits, I'll rescue you ere a week, or perish in the attempt."

"Ha! ha! ha!" came hoarsely back over the water from the rude pirates as the boat shot onward like an arrow towards the schooner; and immediately after arriving alongside her fore-topsail was filled away, her foresail and flying jib set, and under all canvas she stretched away to sea, leaving Villiers gazing after her with wistful eyes and almost lost in despair.

But this despair was of short duration and was succeeded by the keenest rage and desire for vengeance.

Taking a last long glance along the rim of the horizon, where the vessel that contained his love could be faintly seen rising and falling like a snow flake in the grasp of the tempest, in order to see what course she was steering, Villiers turned away, and, repairing immediately to town acquainted the parents of Adelaide with their terrible bereavement, after which he hastened on board the admiral's flag ship and laying the whole matter before the dignitary asked his advice in regard to it.

"I pity you," said the kind-hearted old admiral when Villiers had concluded his narrative, "I pity you from the bottom of my heart, and will assist you to the utmost of my power—not only in order that the pirate may be captured, but that you may rescue the lady of your choice. Yonder lies the 'Cassard,' a fast-sailing and first-class brig of war. You may take command of her in person, get her under way as soon as possible, and go in pursuit of the piratical schooner."

"I cannot speak of my thanks," said the youth, almost choked with emotion, "but my prayers shall ever ascend for your happiness and prosperity," and leaving the flag ship Villiers immediately repaired on board the "Cassard" and, taking command, hove up her anchor, made all sail, and by evening twilight way standing out of the bay under a cloud of canvas, cheered by the crews of all the ships of the fleet.

No sooner was the fair Adelaide on board the schooner than she was taken down into Haristene's cabin, the door of which was carefully locked and guarded.

Left to herself, she had ample time to reflect upon the best means to be pursued, and resolved after due deliberation that it would be her most prudent plan to seem to acquiesce in the schemes of the pirate, and to appear reconciled to her fate. When therefore Haristene entered the cabin, after the vessel had got well clear of the land, and informed Adelaide of the "distinguished" honour that awaited her, to his utter astonishment she neither sobbed nor wept, but gaily informed him that she would consent to become his bride, on condition that he should not insist upon the consummation of his hopes until the schooner reached a harbour, and that her privacy during her stay on board should not be invaded.

To this arrangement Haristene readily consented, not a little rejoiced to find her so tractable.

table, and determined to gratify her desire for retirement for the present.

Adelaide had been prompted to this step by the belief that Villiers would soon be in pursuit of her captors and that she should quickly be free.

Had the pirates for one moment suspected that the young man whom they had treated so contemptuously was a naval officer he would not have been likely to have escaped with his life; but being dressed in plain clothes they had supposed him a common citizen, and feeling no desire to kill him suffered him to make his escape. It was a short-sighted policy, at the event will prove.

Day after day did the fleet schooner pursue her way towards the rendezvous of the pirates, and now she is drawing near the point of her destination. One fine, bright morning the look-out at the masthead reported a sail bearing down under all canvas, and after examining her through a telescope she was declared to be a brig of war.

As she drew nearer the tri-colour of La Belle France was seen floating from her masthead, and preparations were immediately made for an engagement.

The schooner was hove to, for Hartstene disdained to fly, and as the gallant brig of war hove down abeam a tremendous broadside was poured into the pirate, which was returned with interest.

The action now became general. The pirates fought like tigers, but the superior coolness and discipline of the regular service bade fair to prevail, and the schooner was badly cut up, when a chance and most unlucky shot from her struck the magazine of the brig, and quick as lightning, with a blinding glare and a deafening roar, the gallant craft was torn into ten thousand atoms, and her fragments strewn the ocean round for a long distance.

But few escaped, yet among these few a fickle fortune would have it, was the commander of the brig himself, the gallant Villiers. He, together with some three or four of the crew, were picked up, clinging to the fragments of the vessel, and conveyed on board the piratical schooner, where the latter were forced at once to walk the plank, while the noble Villiers was preserved for a more terrible fate, Hartstene determining to burn him at the stake immediately after his arrival in port.

Strange as it may seem, not one of the pirates recognized in the enemy that had fought them so bravely the youth they had treated so contemptuously at Martinique, and by order of Hartstene he was placed in the same cabin with Adelaide, where he was heavily ironed, and left to his reflections, which were not of the most pleasant nature, as may well be imagined.

Adelaide was astonished at the turn events had taken, and expressed her surprise that the brig should have been captured by a vessel so much inferior in size as was the pirate schooner.

"It was a chance shot, dearest, that did the mischief. Had it not happened to have struck the magazine you would have been free long ere this. But we must trust in Heaven."

"Our prospects are indeed dark," sighed the maiden. "We have must little to hope. You will certainly die a most cruel death immediately after the arrival of the vessel in port, while I am reserved for a fate worse than death. Ah, me!"

"Don't despond, dearest; something may turn up to relieve us from the awful gulf that yawns before us. We must not give way to despair."

"Sail ho!" cried the look-out, from his perch on the cross-trees.

"Can you make her out?" said the captain, in a hoarse voice.

"Yes; she is a large frigate, bearing down towards us under all canvas. She will cut us off if we stand on this tack any longer."

The two prisoners in the cabin heard all that passed on deck, and their hearts leaped for joy.

Villiers felt assured that it was the flag-ship of the kind-hearted old admiral who, not content with despatching him in pursuit, had followed himself, in order to make sure of the villain.

In this he was not mistaken. The admiral, anxious to secure the pirate, if possible, had got his own ship under way a few hours after the brig had left the harbour, and was fortunate enough to come up just at the time when he was most needed.

The schooner had been badly crippled in her spars during her engagement with the "Casard," and, being unable to show much canvas, the flag-ship, a heavy sixty-gun frigate, rapidly closed with her, and commenced a vigorous canonade, which soon reduced the schooner to a mere wreck. Villiers and Adelaide could hear the shots crashing and whizzing through the hull of the craft, the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying, and it was not long ere a boat was heard alongside, and then quickly followed the clash of cutlasses, the cracking of pistols, and all the terrible sounds that accompanied the boarding of an enemy's vessel, followed by the mad shout of "Victory!"

A few moments later, and the door of the cabin was violently burst open, and several French officers, covered with blood, rushed in, and, liberating Villiers and Adelaide, conducted them on deck.

What a sight then met their eyes! Not one of the pirates had escaped alive, and their mangled remains were lying about the deck in every direction. Adelaide turned her eyes from the sickening sight, and, accompanied by Villiers,

got into the boat, and was pulled on board the frigate, where the old admiral, and her father, whose anxiety for her fate had induced him to accompany the expedition, received her with tearful hearts, and rejoiced at her escape from the fearful doom that awaited her.

The schooner, being so riddled and cut up by shot as to be unworthy of repairs, was set on fire, and a short time after blew up with a terrible explosion, strewn the ocean with her burning fragments.

That same night Villiers and Adelaide were seated in the cabin of the frigate, as before a fine, fresh breeze she bounded on towards the lovely island of Martinique.

"I suppose now," said the gallant young officer, steadily regarding the maiden, "that you are satisfied with my prowess, and will crown my wishes?"

"I don't know," replied Adelaide, archly; "it was not you who rescued me, but the old admiral. You have not performed the service which I required of you."

"Well, but will you not take the will for the deed?"

"I suppose I shall have to," replied the maiden, petulantly, but in a playful mood, placing her little white hand in his, "and now are you satisfied?"

The little white hand was quickly raised to the young officer's lips, and with that last act, if the indulgent reader pleases, we will drop the curtain, and close our tale. E. C. H.

DUDLEY'S ESCAPE.

"Well, Master Dudley, and what news have you now? How fares the cause of his Majesty the King?"

The speaker was a Worcestershire squire. The person whom he addressed was a man of fine presence and military bearing; of good descent, yet with a decided business turn. His father had been a nobleman and at the same time an iron manufacturer. This son had left Oxford at twenty to assume direction of his father's forge and furnaces. In such work he was deeply interested and actively engaged when the great civil war broke out—the war between Charles I. and the people of England. Dudley had, by reason of birth and education, espoused the cause of the King, and had risen to the rank of general of artillery. After many successes by the Parliamentary army a lull had fallen, which was broken in 1648 by tumults and uprisings in Wales. The influence of this commotion had extended through all England, but the vigorous measures of Fairfax, the Parliamentary commander, had compelled the concentration of the insurgents at Colchester, in Essex. Against them a strenuous siege was being carried on by Fairfax at the time our story opens.

"Ill enough, master Hodgson," was Dudley's answer. "Our friends are hard bested in Colchester, and the Roundhead Cromwell is sitting down before Pembroke. Yet both places make gallant resistance, and the right cause may yet triumph."

"'Twere a good deed now to raise troops here in the west and strike a blow for King Charles while the crop-ears are busy elsewhere."

"Yea, neighbor, you have reason on your side, and my blood tingles to recover for his Majesty something of what he has lost in these evil times. Beshrew me, but it shall be done."

So Dudley rode forth among his neighbors. "Harcourt," he said to one who had been a major in the royal forces during the struggle that ended in 1646; "Harcourt, shall we not make head once more for our good lord and king? He hath right to our swords and lives; and it is to our shame that we lie still when our friends elsewhere are in peril for the cause."

"With all my heart, Dudley," was the answer. "Yea, I will ride with you to rouse the country side, and take the field against the frantic rebels whose successes have made them more insolent than I can bear."

They rode together, therefore, and gathered about them many more gentlemen and their adherents until they could number two hundred men.

In the neighborhood of the village of Madeley, in Staffordshire, the place where John Fletcher lived and wrote more than a century later was a wood called Bosco Bello. The rendezvous of Dudley and his friends was appointed there for safety and secrecy until such time as, being drilled and organized, their forces might be fit for some feasible enterprise.

But, in the meantime, the adherents of the Parliament had not been idle, either.

One bright morning a company of Puritans marched into the wood with the firm purpose of destroying the "malignants," as they termed them. In vain Dudley and his fellow-officers urged their followers to the conflict. The desperate intensity of the Parliament men was not to be withstood, and in comparatively a few minutes they were wholly triumphant. Many of the poor fellows who had meant to fight for the divine right of kings lay dead under the trees of Bosco Bello, and of those who remained alive nearly all were taken prisoners. Among these were the officers and men of mark, with Dudley at their head.

"So, master Dudley," said the leader of the successful party, "here is but an ill end of your misplaced loyalty. A man like you had better have feared God, and fought for the Parliament, than to be misleading tenants and servants to death, for a tyrant and traitor."

"False traitor, thou," cried Dudley; "on thee and such as thou be the curse of all the blood spilt, and the desolation made in our fair country."

He would have gone on in his passionate utterances, but the Puritan commander cut him short.

"Take master Dudley and his fellow-malignants to Worcester," said he; "he once fortified it against us; now that it is in our hands let him test its strength as a prison."

So Dudley and Harcourt, with Major Elliott and others, were taken away to Worcester, which Dudley had indeed strengthened and fortified for the King, but which had since fallen into the hands of his enemies. The treatment of the captives was far from gentle, for those were rough as well as earnest times. When they reached the city they were conducted to the prison like dangerous felons, and strict measures were taken for their safe detention.

"Let double guards be stationed at the prison doors, to be relieved every four hours. Double guards likewise at every gate at the city, and strict watch at every outlet, that no knaves and traitors may escape." Such were the orders given in the presence of Dudley and his companions, who were then pushed into the courtyard of the prison, and presently locked in a large upper room. There they were left to such meditations as the place and circumstances might suggest.

Immediate escape is what they suggested to Dudley. He looked carefully for means to that end.

The window was barred with iron; Dudley helped by his comrades, climbed up and looked out. Far below lay the roofs of the adjacent houses, which, as always in the crowded, old walled cities, stood close together, and were even built against the very walls of the jail.

"If I had but a knife or a dagger, and you would bear me up," said Dudley, "I would soon dig these bars out of their bed, and risk the leap to the tiles below."

But neither knife nor dagger was in the company. They had been too thoroughly searched and completely plundered. Wherefore, Dudley came down again, and sat among his fellow-prisoners, helpless but not hopeless. Revolving many things in his mind, and looking all about he spied a steel knee-buckle worn by Cornet Hodgetts, a young man who had fought beside him for the King in more than one contest.

"The very thing," he exclaimed, "Hodgetts, give me but that buckle, and I will make such a hole in this den as shall give us all our freedom."

The buckle was quickly torn off and put into his hand. "Now Elliott, man; lend me your broad shoulders for a standing place, and I'll begin my operations."

"Nay," interposed Major Long, a wise old soldier; "you surely will not work at the window in open daylight. You will be seen from the street below, and so your hopes will be defeated."

"You say well, Major," was the reply; "but I'll e'en mount up, and try which is the softest stone in the casement."

This he did. The sharp corner of the buckle soon made impression upon the old stone in which the bars were set. Dudley was satisfied that two hours' work would suffice to open a passage. He made a careful survey of the neighborhood, and noticed in what direction the open country lay nearest at hand, when he was contented to wait for night.

The long summer twilight came and waned. As the shadows grew thick, the royalist climbed up again and began his task. By and by the moon looked in. "You will be discovered," boded the old major. But friendly clouds rolled up and covered the moon save for a few occasional glimpses.

"How goes it now," inquired Elliott, after what seemed a long interval, in which gentle showers of dust and lime had been falling steadily upon his head.

"Have a little patience, good Elliott," was the response, "this bar is almost unseated."

Presently the bar was entirely detached from its setting, and a man could easily pass through the space thus made.

"Tis a long leap to the housetops, but I'll venture it," said the sturdy Dudley. "Follow me, comrades, as you best can. Here is no time for ceremony."

With that he crept out of the opening, and holding to the stone sill by his hands, lowered himself as far as possible; then let go his hold and fell upon the tiles with a thud that was heard by his companions in the prison. A silence followed.

"I fear he hath taken some hurt," said Long. "He was ever over-bold. Climb thou up the window, Elliott, and see if he be dead or alive."

Helped by the others, Elliott did so. In the darkness he could barely distinguish a shadow from the window.

"Hist, Dudley," he cried. "Art hurt, man?" "Nay! Safe and well so far, and but waiting for thee and the rest. 'Tis no great fall. Come on, and leave to the Roundhead curs their empty room!"

Major Elliott turned back and held council with his comrades. They united in urging him to make the attempt to escape, although they, for various reasons, could prosecute it no further. Thus encouraged, the soldier followed Dudley's example, and in a few moments stood beside him.

The city was altogether quiet. A few lights might be seen twinkling from windows here and there, and the steeple of a great church was illuminated for some reason; otherwise all was dark.

"These houses continue in a direct line to the

city wall," remarked Dudley. "If we can but reach that, undiscovered, I make little doubt we can get away."

"Heave with you," replied Elliott. 'Tis but a bold push, and if we fail, our case can be but little worse."

Creeping carefully along the roofs, they set forward, and in a few minutes reached the wall on the southern side of the city, not far from the river front. The street was closed by a gate whereat double sentries were stationed. The adventurers heard their step, the rattle of their match-locks, even their voices as they spoke to each other in subdued tones. When these were hushed, they heard the Severn flowing through the night. There was a sense of freedom in the sound that made them more resolute than ever to obtain their own liberty.

The only possible way of escape was over the wall, and that was extremely high. To drop from it involved great risk of life or limb. Even if that peril were escaped, the noise would certainly attract the attention of the vigilant guard, and swift pursuit, if not death from their match-locks, was inevitable.

For a moment they were brought to a pause; but Dudley's fertile mind conceived an expedient. He went to a window in the roof, on the slope more distant from the guards. There was no light in the room, nor any sign of occupation. He shook the casement gently; there was no token that any one heard. The window seemed to be securely fastened, but Dudley had his steel buckle, and with it he cut away the lead that held one of the diamond-shaped panes in its place. He then removed the glass, thrust his hand through the opening and drew the bolt. He stepped softly into the chamber. The moon was struggling with the clouds and sometimes overcoming them so that it was not so absolutely dark. With cautious movements the royalist advanced until his hand rested upon a bed. If it were occupied, and the sleeper, being awakened, should give the alarm! But it was empty.

Dudley striped off its sheets and blankets and carried them to the window. Elliott answered his whispered call and took them from his arms. Ensnaring themselves behind a chimney, the two soldiers applied themselves to tearing the articles into strips and knotting them firmly together. Soon they had a long and strong rope.

"If they be Roundheads we have robbed, 'tis lawful spoil of war," whispered Elliott; "and if they be on the King's side, they will count it no loss if it have helped his poor servants in their need."

One end of the rope was fastened securely around the chimney, the other was thrown over the wall. "Go you down first, Elliott," urged Dudley. "Make no stay for me, but hasten directly to London. There or elsewhere we shall surely meet, if we both get safe away."

The soldier went to the edge of the wall, running his hand along the rope. He tested its strength by two or three pulls, and then committed himself to it for the descent. Hand-over-hand he went down, bracing his feet against the wall. The cord swung loose, and Dudley, watching above, knew that his friend was safe on solid ground. A great clock in the city struck "two!" A sentinel cried "All's well!" The call was repeated from gate to gate around the circuit of the walls. Dudley swung off from the parapet. A minute and he was free, standing in the open country with his face towards London.

Notwithstanding his counsel to the contrary, Elliott had waited for him. They set out together. But Dudley did not fancy a journey of a hundred miles on foot.

He proposed a visit to the stables of some of the near-lying farms. Passing through the fields with that intent, they found one horse grazing, already saddled and bridled; no unusual thing in those troubled times, when no man knew at what moment he might need to ride for his own life, or for the good of the cause he espoused. This animal Elliott took, Dudley going on to the stable, where he soon provided himself with a spirited steed.

He rode down to the Severn, where a bend in the river brought him in full view of the sleeping city. He turned in his saddle to look. The moon came out from behind a dark bank of cloud. The image of walls, and roofs, and spires was faintly reflected in the swift current. The light in the illuminated steeple shone through two round windows that had a grotesque resemblance to glowing eyes. But they did not discern the escaping royalist. No outcry rose on the silence; no sound that indicated discovery or threatened pursuit. With a sigh for the friends left in captivity, Dudley shook his bridle, struck his horse with the whip, and galloped swiftly towards London and liberty.

AN Englishman had hired a smart traveling servant, and on arriving at an inn one evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly inscribe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form as an "English gentleman, of independent property."—"But how have you put down my name? I have not told it to you."—"I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from milor's portmanteau."—"But it is not there. Bring me the book." What was his amazement at finding instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself—"Monsieur Warranted-solid-leather."

THE ISLE OF LOVE

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

In the days that are no more,
In a boat without an oar,
On a sea without a breath,
Without a breeze to blow me,
I was drifting sick to death.

Though the sea was glassy fair,
Not a breath of heaven was there;
Idly, idly flapped the sail;
In the silent depths below me,
I was looking snowy pale.

It was tranquil, it was still,
Yet I drifted with no will,
And the sea was as the sky—
I, a cloud upon the azure,
Drifting melancholy by.

But the summer night came soon,
And I sank into a swoon;
But I heard the waters beat,
With a faint and rhythmic measure,
Round the cold moon's silvery feet.

Then I wakened! and, behold,
Dawn upheld her cup of gold
In the east, and brimming o'er,
The ruby wine, so precious,
Tinged that sea without a shore;

And, within the ruddy glow,
I upsprang from sleep; and, lo!
I beheld an island fair,
Where the fringed palms stood gracious,
With God's glory on their hair.

And even as I gazed,
On the sands my boat's keel grazed,
And I saw thee smiling stand,
With a rose upon thy bosom,
And a lily in thy hand.

And I knew thee, and the place!
Was familiar as the face—
I had seen them far away,
Ere my soul began to blossom
Into form and flesh of clay.

At the waving of thy hand,
I had lightly sprung to land,
And I took thy hand in mine,
And I kissed thee, and we entered
Groves delicious and divine.

How still it was! How calm,
In those glades of pine and palm,
Paven blue and bright with flowers;
And the isle was golden-centred,
And its golden centre ours.

There we sat like marble things,
And the boughs were moved like wings
Round the silence of our throne;
In the shadow deep and dewy,
Hand in hand, we sat alone.

Save the nightingale's soft thrill,
All was peaceful, all was still;
But our hearts throbbed as we dreamed,
And the heaven's open blue eye
Through the boughs above us gleamed.

Oh, fool! why did I rest
My dark chin upon my breast,
And drop to dream again?
When I wakened I was drifting
On the melancholy main,

And I saw the isle afar,
Like the glimmer of a star;
But my boat had ne'er an oar,
And the sunset shades were shifting
On that sea without a shore.

Then I raised my hands and cried,
As the glory gleamed and died
On the dark horizon line;
And the sunset, like a lion,
Crouched down tawny by the brine.

And never since that day
Have I drifted down that way,
Where thy spirit beckoned me;
Oh, to look on—oh, to die on
That green island in the sea!

Oh, to look into thy face,
'Mid the glory of the place!
Oh, to reach that island fair,
And to see the palm-trees blowing,
With God's glory on their hair!

In the scented summer sheen,
Sits the island, shadowed green,
In a sea as smooth as glass;
There the morning dew is glowing
Evermore upon the grass.

From the garish glare of day,
Sheltered sweet, the soul may stray
But whoever there doth sleep,
Must for ever and for ever
Drift alone upon the deep.

Oh, the island lost of yore!
Oh, the days that are no more!
I am drifting on in pain,
And the morning dew will never
Wet my sandalled feet again.

FACE TO FACE WITH----

My friend—a friend—Richard Bentick died upon the tenth day of December, 1870.

We had been flung together upon the world, had fought a heavy fight against desperate odds; fought it boldly and well.

He succumbed to brain fever. Although we had been estranged for some time, I attended him with an aching heart, heard his low, quivering valedictory sigh, and received the last look he was ever destined to cast upon this side of his untimely grave, ere he started for that mysterious journey which we must all, high and low, gentle and simple, travel alone.

Unnerved, unfit for work, and with a sense of utter desolation hanging darkly around me like the mourning cloak which I had worn at his funeral, I rejected all offers of sympathy, all overtures of companionship; I was indeed alone.

Christmas was at hand; right merrily the standard of holly and ivy was unfurled to the crisp wintry breeze, and the Christian world, aglow with preparation, was revelling in visions of home mirth, and of home happiness.

How to avoid Christmas was my abiding thought.

Remain in London? No.

Accept the invitation of the Chesneys of Chesney Wold, to a party as joyous as that which assembled at Dingley Dell? No.

Upon the twentieth of December Hubert Reeve, a man with whom I was intimate, called to my chambers on a matter connected with a case in which I held a brief.

I was in the act of stepping into the street when I encountered him; a paltry half minute would have saved me the interview. If Hubert Reeve had been stopped by a friend, delayed at a crossing, attracted to a shop window, the current of my life might have run smoothly on; but it was not to be. It was written otherwise.

He was in deep mourning for his young wife.

"I have shut up the old rookery in Single-shire," he said; "the word Christmas is hateful to me."

The tears rushed to his eyes, and a choking sob bestoke the grief welling up from his heart.

"Rookery!" I observed, wishing to divert his thoughts into another channel.

"Yes, rookery. It was built in the reign of Queen Anne; and, with the exception of a new wing to replace a portion of the building burnt down, it remains, furniture and all, a musty, fusty, tumble-down old place; but I haven't the heart to touch stick or stone in it."

"And you have hermetically sealed it?"

"Yes, and dismissed the servants, with the exception of one old crone, about as antique as Wyvern Hall itself. I go to Egypt, anywhere from Christmas in 'merrie England.'"

I instantly resolved upon spending the holidays at Wyvern Hall. My dead friend had passed many a happy hour beneath its hospitable roof-tree.

"I should like to stop at the Hall, during the forthcoming so-called festive season, if you wouldn't mind it."

"Mind it, that's your look out, not mine. You'll have a dull time of it."

"I shall take my chance for that, and *courage de rose* would not suit me just at present."

A few words, and the details were arranged. A few words, and the seal was affixed to a resolution binding me, whilst memory lasts, to one ghastly—Let the narrative speak for itself.

I started upon the afternoon of the twenty-third, by the four o'clock train, from King's Cross Station. The compartment was filled by a rollicking effervescing party en route for a visit to some relatives in the North. I hated them for their light-heartedness, and curiously refused to lower the window next to me, or to accord permission to one of the party to smoke a cigar.

A dull, dead, heavy, drenching rain was suddenly falling as I alighted at Bycroft Station.

"I require a fly to take me to Wyvern Hall," "There be no fly here, and there be nobody there," was the laconic reply of the official whom I addressed.

"How am I to reach the Hall?"

"It be only a matter of six miles."

This meant that it would be necessary for me to walk.

I resolved upon walking. There was nothing else for it.

My luggage consisted of an old-fashioned carpet bag, into which I had stowed a change of dress, and a packet of private papers belonging to Richard Bentick. I brought them with me in order to peruse them at leisure, and to place myself face to face with the past by the sad, solemn link of the handwriting of the dead man. Slinging the bag across my shoulder and lighting my pipe, I set out into the darkness.

The silence of that night was unnatural—appalling; not a dog barked. The splash of a rat into an inky pool alone broke the monotonous echo of my own tramp, tramp.

The darkness was intense, and when the road became overshadowed with trees, I was compelled to probe my way with my umbrella, like one smitten with a sudden blindness. Twice I struck a fusée, once not a moment too soon; another step and I had fallen into a disused quarry hole, the depths of which my feeble, flickering light failed to fathom.

I reached the lodge at Wyvern Hall. My instructions were so complete that I was enabled to open the wicket gate and pass through as though it had been my hourly practice from childhood.

The avenue leading to the Hall lay before me cavernous as a railway tunnel.

I plunged into it. Was there no hand to warn me back? No semaphore to denote caution? No red light to warn me of danger?

I had walked, possibly, about four hundred yards in a darkness so intense, that had I been blindfolded and placed in an apartment from which every ray of light had been excluded, my vision could not have been more securely sealed. I held my bag in my left hand, and groped my way with my umbrella in my right. My fuses had become damp, and were rendered useless. I stopped irresolutely, without exactly knowing why or wherefore.

A strange sickening sensation crept over me, as though some foul and filthy animal were crawling upon and covering me with his noisome saliva.

One awful second. One rush of thought, and I knew I was not alone.

I have not been brought face to face with death at the cannon's mouth. I have not been upon the verge of eternity on the deck of the sinking ship. I have not been placed in any of these perilous positions, where the men are taxed to the utmost limits of their endurance, and therefore I cannot determine whether I am what is termed a brave man or a cowardly one; but that shock such as startled my soul, was fraught with so much mysterious horror that no nature, however bold—no human mind, however evenly balanced by philosophy, or fortified by the sublimities of religion, could have experienced it without recoiling in swoon of indefinable terror.

There was something beside me in that cavernous gloom, and that thing was not of this earth!

I called upon my reasoning power to strike one blow in my behalf and crush the maddening thought by the sheer weight of common sense.

I endeavored to speak, but my mouth was dry and parched, and my tongue refused its office. A cold perspiration bathed me from head to foot, and I shook in a palsy of terror.

I would have given thousands, had I possessed them, for the company of the filthiest plague-stricken wretch ever vomited from prison or hospital—thousands for a glint of God's sunshine. Every instant I expected to be touched by it. Every instant that it would reveal its presence in some awful and ghastly manner.

Suddenly there came upon me the impulse to fly, and I obeyed it.

I rushed through the darkness with a swift-ness that must have destroyed me, had I come into contact with any intervening obstacle. A moment before and I had been treading with the caution of feebleness and age. Now I was dashing onward as though traversing some grassy slope in a race in which the victory lay to the fleetest.

The spurt passed away, and I slackened my pace, but the same terror clung to me, for the same presence evolved it.

At length, when nearly spent, for my heart was in my throat, a dim but friendly star told me that the avenue had been passed, and that the Hall had been reached. I staggered to the door and, clutching wildly at the knocker, thundered with the rapidity of a steam hammer, and with a din that would have awakened the dead. My appeal was responded to, the last bolt had been drawn back, and the door was about to swing open, when great Heaven! a clammy, icy hand was laid upon mine, and two soulless, lifeless, ghastly eyes imbedded in a green ooze—

Ugh! my flesh creeps as I recall the unmitigated horror of that unearthly gaze.

The old crone, who was both deaf and blind, led me, quivering like an aspen, along a series of gloomy passages by the aid of a solitary candle, which rather seemed to make darkness visible than to afford the necessary adjunct of light. Her shadow upon the wall, as we silently traversed the corridors, seemed weird, and witch-like, and singularly *en rapport* with the fever of my thoughts.

A bright fire crackled in the huge grate of the oaken wainscoted room into which she ushered me, and upon a small table drawn cosily to the hearth, stood a decanter labelled Brandy, from which I poured into a tumbler about half a pint and drained it at a gulp. I still retained the bag in my grasp, and I cast a hurried glance at the back of my hand to ascertain if any mark had been made by that awful touch. No; my hand, usually white, now blanched with rain and cold, seemed whiter than usual.

Why I did not cast the bag from me is still a mystery, and can only be accounted for by the instinctive desire to retain that which contained the papers of my deceased friend.

With something like a shiver, I perceived that the table was laid for two persons.

Surely the wretched old hag, who was busy-ing herself with the fire, did not intend to plague me with her presence.

Reeve informed me distinctly that he had shut up the house, leaving this solitary person in charge of it.

He knew I was in no mood for company. What could it mean?

"You have laid the table for two!" I shouted into the old woman's ear.

"Yes, I have; that's right," was the croaking response.

"Who is to take supper here to-night?"

"You, and Mr. Richard Bentick."

I reeled as though stricken by a well-directed blow. The mention of my dead friend at such a moment! The mention of my dead friend in such a manner!

"Mr. Richard Bentick is dead," I cried hoarsely.

The old woman shook her head slowly from side to side, and, with a leer which meant to convey that she was too wary to be deceived by so weak an invention, chuckled.

"No, no, sir, he is not dead; I seen him this evening;" and, lowering her voice to a whining whisper, she added, "and I seen her."

"Her—who do you mean?" I cried.

This was the woman's reply:

"She was standing on the steps when I let you in."

I sank into a chair. Those soulless eyes! I was feebly struggling in an ocean of mystery, and being submerged by every wave.

I dared not question the hag any further, at least, not yet. "She's very tipsy," I reasoned; "evidently fond of the bottle. Yes, tipsy." And filling up a glass full of brandy I offered it to her. "Here, old lady, this will cheer you."

"I never take it—I'm thankful to you, sir."

The woman was sober.

"Remove these," I shouted, pointing to the extra knife and fork and plate.

"Here's sure to be here," she muttered, as she carried out my orders. "Dead, indeed! There's many alive that's thought to be dead, and many dead that's thought to be alive; and there be many out of their shrouds that ought to be in them, and there be some in them that ought to be hale and hearty this awful night."

As she spoke, a peal of thunder shook the house to its very foundation.

"Ay, ay, a bad night to be out of doors—a bad night to be lying in the bottom of the pool, amongst the rotten weeds, with horse leeches twisting your dark brown hair."

The woman was thinking aloud. Then, as if recalling time and place, "Will you take your supper now, sir?"

I nodded assent; the idea of eating being furthest from my thoughts.

"That's your bed-room. The sheets is well aired; they was at the fire all day yesterday, and all day to-day."

She pointed to a door at the extremity of the apartment, a massive oaken door, black as ebony, and overlaid with grotesque carving. It resembled the entrance to a vault. The room which I occupied was low-ceilinged, but very spacious, with an oaken floor, and wainscoted in oak; the furniture was of the same material. Over the gaping fireplace a small mirror in an elaborately-carved oaken frame, stretching its ornamentation all over the panel, reflected the sepulchral light of the moderate lamp.

A few portraits in ebony frames adorned the walls, and a well-worn Turkey carpet covered the greater portion of the floor. There were two doors to the apartment, one by which I had entered, the other leading to my bed-room.

Upon opening my carpet bag for the purpose of taking out my slippers, I discovered that it was saturated with rain. The wet had penetrated, and such articles as happened to lie close to the outer portions of it were considerably damped. Amongst them the packet of papers belonging to my dead friend. I hastened to dry the packet, and for this purpose placed it tenderly inside of the fender, without loosening the binding string.

At this crisis the old woman entered with a tray laden with the supper.

"I shall not require you any more to-night," I said, glancing at my watch, which indicated the hour of half-past ten.

"Won't you try if the meat's done to your liking?" she croaked.

"It's all right: good night," and I pushed her from the room, closing and locking the door.

I returned to the fireplace, and found that the ends of the packet which I had deposited in the fender had coiled up under exposure to the heat. One paper would seem to have forced itself from out the bundle, and as I endeavored to push it back into its place, the following words, written in Bentick's unmistakable hand, met my startled gaze:—

"To be read by John Fordyce only, and to be destroyed by him the moment he has finished the perusal."

I plucked it from the packet. This paper was to be read by me, John Fordyce, and destroyed instantly. I resolved upon reading it there and then. Oh! why did I break that seal? Oh! why did not that icy, clammy oozy hand intervene between me and that paper, and bear it beyond mortal reach? A strange foreboding of evil smote me as I broke the seal—I was treading upon the verge of a precipice.

"To you, John Fordyce, I reveal the ghastly triumph of an unprincipled man over a weak, loving, and defenceless woman."

These were the words with which the document commenced—these were the words which seared themselves upon my brain.

I had proceeded thus far, and was about to continue the perusal, when a shadow as of some person endeavoring to read over my shoulder fell upon the paper. The same awful delirium of fear seized me. It was in the room! It was standing behind my back! The clammy, oozy, icy hand stretching forth to grasp me. The soulless, ghastly eyes fixed on me. Oh! for power to shriek! Gracious Heaven!

I became unconscious. When I recovered my senses, I was lying upon the hearth-rug; the fire had burned itself out, but luckily the lamp seemed still full of vitality. With a fearful, shuddering gaze I slowly peered round the room expecting to encounter I knew not what of horror.

The portraits frowned grimly from the walls, the dark wainscot looked darker, but it was not to be seen. The shadow was from out the room.

Carefully as the starving shipwrecked mariner reckons his few remaining biscuits, did I examine the condition of the oil in the lamp, and calculated, with feelings almost akin to rapture, that it would burn till day dawned. Heaping such fuel as I could lay my hands on upon the fire, and finding it bitterly cold, my veins laden with ice, and chilled to the very marrow, I resolved upon turning into bed without, however, divesting myself of any of my clothes.

Carefully placing Richard Bentick's confession in my bosom, and grasping the lamp in my left hand, I advanced towards the vault-like door, which gave upon my bed-room. I threw it open with a sudden jerk. The room was small and wainscoted like the adjoining apartment. In one corner stood a gloomy-looking old-fashioned four-post bedstead, with a heavy canopy and faded silken curtains, in another a ponderous wardrobe, elaborately carved. The ceiling, representing some event in mythological history, was black with age, and the ebony furniture seemed fitted for the innermost torture chamber of the Inquisition.

I dashed up the valance, and threw one short, sharp glance under the bed. I thrust aside the mouldy curtains which had been drawn across the window. I flung open the wardrobe doors. There was nothing to inspire other feeling than those of security, ease, and comfort.

Placing the lamp upon a small table close at hand, and shutting the door leading to the outer apartment, I threw myself into the bed, where in a few minutes the extreme cold from which I had been suffering exchanged itself for a burning, feverish heat. To endeavor to sleep was simply a mockery, the words—"To you, John Fordyce, I reveal the ghastly triumph of an unprincipled man over a weak, loving, and defenceless woman," rang in my ears, and repeated themselves in letter of fire on my eyeballs, whenever I attempted to close my eyes.

Why not read Richard Bentick's confession? I would. Taking the document from my breast, I drew the table upon which the lamp stood more closely to the bed. I read the well-known opening words, but ere my eyes could take up the next line, the lamp was extinguished.

The horror of being left in the darkness was something terrible. The horror of feeling that the light had been extinguished by supernatural agency—that awful link between dead and living, that fearful gulf in whose unfathomable depths lay the secret never yet divulged—was exquisitely appalling. Like a frightened child, I was about burying my head beneath the bedclothes, when, with a bound, all the senses of which I was in possession concentrated themselves in that of sight. My bed faced the door communicating with the room in which I had spent the earlier portion of the night. That door slowly opened. The outer apartment was brilliantly illuminated, not by fire, or lamp, or candle, but by a greenish-grey light, such as is seen once in a life, when the sun, thirsting for a peep at the earth, forces his splendor in one fierce ray through the murky gloom of a sable thunder-cloud. Every object of the room stood forth with unusual distinctness. The table upon which the supper tray had lately stood had been replaced by an elegant *fauteuil*; a small bunch of violets lay upon the floor. I could have counted their petals. Was I dreaming? No. My heart stood still. I felt that the curtain had only risen upon the mystery; that there was much to follow.

Clasping the bed clothes with the clutch of a drowning man, I awaited the *dénouement*.

Although my eyes were riveted upon the interior of the outer room, so that no movement, however slight, could, by any possibility, escape me, a female form burst into being, even while I gazed. She did not walk or glide into the apartment, she burst into being. Her back was turned towards me. She was clad in a black tight-fitting dress, with snow-white collar and cuffs; her luxurious dark brown hair was fastened behind her graceful head in massive plaits. Her figure was the perfection of symmetry.

Suddenly perceiving the bunch of violets upon the carpet, she stooped forward and rapidly lifting it, pressed them thrice to her lips, and then, whilst tenderly placing them in the bosom of her dress, she turned her face towards me. What a face! It is in my mind's eye while I write this.

An exquisite oval, the dark brown hair drawn tight from the ivory forehead, fair as a May blossom; bluish grey eyes, set wide apart like those of a child, with a tinge of the violet, bashful yet wild, full of innocent joy and loving confidence; a delicate nose, slightly *retroussé*; short, curling upper lip, its companion rich, ripe, demure, and pouting; teeth of pearl, and a charmingly rounded chin. I see that face. Would that I had never beheld it, save in the splendid freshness of its piquant beauty. She seated herself upon the *fauteuil*, and from her anxious glances in the direction of the door, and her changing color, it was evident that she awaited the advent of some expected person.

A cloud of anxiety would pass across her fair brow, and her lustrous eyes close as if from a throb of mental anguish, whilst her tiny white hands would continually clasp themselves in that nervous pressure, by which even strong men with impassive countenances, betray their inward emotions.

Quicker than thought the form of a man presented itself. He was tall and slight, and attired in full evening dress. He leant upon his arms, which he placed against the chimney-piece, and gazed down into the fire; his back was turned to the girl, and his face was hidden from me by his elbows. The girl started to her feet and timidly approached him, touching him gently as if to induce him to turn

to her. He repulsed her with a shrug. She appeared to address him (no sound reached me) earnestly, beseechingly, with all her heart, with all her soul, yet he turned not. She plucked the bunch of violets from her bosom and cast them into the fire in a frenzy of passion, yet he turned not. She threw herself upon her knees, and with an agonized expression, such as the human countenance only assumes in the extremity of woe, pleaded to him.

Was it for her life? Was it for that which should be dearer than life? God forbid! for there was that in the shrug of the man's shoulder which precluded the faintest glimmer of hope.

She rose slowly, and with despair enveloping every feature as plainly discernible as the writing upon the wall, she turned from him, and was gone. He still retained the same position, his arms against the chimney-piece, gazing down into the fire. He moved his foot, encased in a patent-leather boot, backwards and forwards upon the steel bar of the fender, and then—

Yes, and then he turned, and his eyes met mine. My heart gave one great throb—my brain was on fire.

The man was Richard Bentick, my dead friend.

There was something yet to come. Once more I pulled my quivering nerves together for a supreme effort.

The scene had changed—changed as silently and imperceptibly as the colors in the rainbow. The light was more subdued; the *fauteuil* was replaced by a table—upon the table lay a bundle covered by a sheet.

The same man, or spectre, or demon, stood beside the table. His hair was dishevelled as if he had clutched it in a paroxysm of the wildest passion. His eyes were sunken in their sockets, and encircled with black rims with inner rings of a purple red. His cheeks were livid, and his blue lips drawn tight, showed his white teeth standing out like the skeleton ribs of some animal which had been picked bare by birds of prey.

Thus did he look when his senses were restored a few fleeting minutes ere the grasp of the angel of death closed upon him.

The man, or spectre, or demon, raised a corner of the sheet, and shudderingly cast a hurried glance beneath it.

Slowly, very slowly, and with averted gaze, he removed the entire covering, as if compelled to do so by some invisible power.

Upon that table lay a dead body—the body of a woman—the body of that fair young girl whom he had repulsed with an icy shrug.

Dead—dead—dead.

Her long brown hair hung in massive tresses over the edge of the table, almost sweeping the floor. Her beautifully-formed hands were clenched as if the agony of death had been exquisitely bitter. Her violet blue eyes were wide open, staring upwards, and the white lips drawn tightly together, seemed as though she had endeavored to suppress the shriek which bade farewell to earth.

But why did her garments cling so closely to her faultless form? Why did every limb, every curve and contour of that beautiful frame, reveal itself? Why did something drip, drip, drip from her hair, her fingers, her ears, her feet, her clothes, like the tick, tick, tick of the death-watch? It wasn't blood—no, it was water.

The body had been found in the black pool at the edge of the wood. She had committed self-destruction.

Hurling her soul from her, with one bound she had leaped into the valley of the shadow of death.

Poor lost child, that last look of despair was easily translated—that supremity of anguish, that climax of unutterable, unfathomable, illimitable woe.

The man turned and gazed at the body of his victim. Remorse was gnawing at his heart.

Heart; where was his heart, when that fair young creature had besought of him to restore that to her which through him and his devilish fascination she had forfeited? Where was his heart, when in abject humiliation, she flung herself upon her knees at his feet in that very chamber, and prayed for the miserable, pitiful boon of a single loving word? Where was his heart when he allowed her to go from him to her doom, and repaid her life's love, her lost honor, her blighted soul, with a gesture of contempt. That heart was now on fire, on fire with flames from hell.

Yes, the man, or spectre, or demon flung himself upon the lifeless clay. He chafed the inanimate hands—those hands once so soft, and tender, and warm. He glued his ashy lips to hers, as if to inhale some sigh that yet might linger near the heart that throbbed so lovingly for him, and him alone. Too late! Awful words, pregnant with tremendous meaning, as is the single word eternity.

The man severed a lock of that dark brown hair, and placed it in his bosom.

Now I knew the black secret that lay like a clot of congealed blood over the heart of Richard Bentick. Now I had the clue to what appeared to me to be the ravings of delirium. Now I could account for the change which altered a bright, joyous, happy nature into a moody, gloomy, reserved, and brutal one. Now the "open sesame," had been pronounced, the mist had been cleared away from my clouded vision, and I saw the goad which drove Richard Bentick from sobriety to drunkenness, from the purity of Sir Galahad to the libertinism of a rouse of the Regency—from high principles to disreputable

trickery, from a reverence for the Omnipotent to the sneering incredulity of a disciple of Voltaire.

The thread that held the sword of Damocles had broken. Ruin, body and soul. Ruin, here and hereafter.

Richard Bentick's confession has never been read by me, and never shall be. That awful revelation wrote the ghastly story in livid letters. I entered Wyvern Hall young, vigorous, active. I quitted it at day dawn aged, sapless, withered, having lived a life, ay, a thousand lives, in a few horror-laden hours.

When I close my eyes at night, the spectral scene presents itself with all its appalling details, and these words engraven upon my very soul, haunt every waking moment:

"To you John Fordyce, I reveal the ghastly triumph of an unprincipled man over a weak, loving, and defenceless woman."

THAT POOR DEAR CAPTAIN LAMBSWOOL

A Tale of the Martindale of Man.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

His name was Lambswool—Hercules Samson Agamemnon Lambswool—at least it was thus, with the suffix of "Gent.," that I read of his being gazetted to a cornetcy *vice* the Honourable Atkinson Truffitt Rimmelsbury, commonly called Viscount Doubledummy, retired. What year was that in? That in which Plancus was consul? Scarcely; Plancus and his confounded consulate have, thank the Olympian deities, long since been "played out." At all events, it was some time between the termination of the Crimean war and the beginning of the campaign of 1866. He (Lambswool), at the period when this history concerns itself with him, stood six-feet-two in his stockings; and he was a captain in the Royal Horse-guards Blue.

Does that announcement startle you? Does it give you the *chair de poule*? Does it "fetch" you? It surely should. It has made me quake almost as I penned the words. For ere, like the Shepherd in Virgil, I grew acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks; and ere, to put the case another way, I had been through the mill, and seen the elephant, and wandered generally behind the scenes of Life's theatre, even to the tapping of the cocoa-nut for the milk I dreamed was there, but finding nothing but a smooth deceptive hollowness—hollow and smooth as a garden-party within—I used to look on a captain, nay, on a lieutenant or a cornet in the Blues, as an awful being. Some portion of my dread for these terrible cavaliers may have been due to the grim stories my nurse used to tell me of the days when the Blues were hooted at by the mob as the "Piccadilly Butchers"—when they sabred the Great Unwashed in front of Sir Francis Burdett's house (the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, bless her charitable heart! lives there now), and thwacked the multitude with the flat of their swords at the funeral of Queen Caroline. At all events I feared the Blues. "Injuns," according to Artemus Ward, "is pison;" the effect produced on my senses in youth by the Blues more nearly resembled the action ascribed to the upas-tree. They filled me with a deadly fascination. The aspect of a subaltern in the foot regiments of the Household Brigade I was able to support with tolerable equanimity; and I never, so far as I can remember, fainted away at beholding an officer in the First or Second Life-guards, even in the fullest of "figs;" but come to the Blues, and the case was altered. Madam, I regarded those warriors with sensations in which deep reverence and enthusiastic admiration were mingled with unutterable consternation. I shivered and "felt bad" when I encountered an officer in that distinguished regiment. He was so tall, so haughty-looking, so much—physically and morally—above poor little me. Did you never, my dear, thus secretly regard your governor, or the family lawyer, or, in particular, the dear, dear clergyman when the liturgy was over, and he, having exchanged his surplice and hood for a Geneva gown, came rustling and creaking up the pulpit-stairs, and ere he read out the text, looked so angelically round the church and up at the sounding-board, that you almost wonder that one of Grinling Gibbons's little cherubs—say that you went to church at St. James's, Piccadilly—did not fly to settle on his head, or hang a wreath of fruit and flowers, beautifully carved in oak, round his precious neck? Yet as you admired you feared him. He seemed to be able to discern your inmost thoughts—to know all about you; that there was a letter left for you at the circulating library last Friday—a letter which your mamma never saw; that you had at that moment an ounce and a half of almond-rock in your pocket, wrapped up in a fragment of the *Family Herald*; that you had commenced to suck those comfits before the second lesson, and intended to finish them comfortably during the sermon.

So, two thousand years ago, haply, might some humble Roman "pleb"—some harmless poet, who hung about the *thermae* in the hope of getting a smile and an invitation to supper from an affable patrician—some poor creature of a scribe, who scraped up his living by gravestone epigrams on his waxen tablets, have "felt bad," even to the thongs of his sandals, when he met, thundering along the Via Triumphalis, a centurion of *Prætorian* Guards. It

must be owned that our Blues are not privileged to sell the Empire to the highest bidder. They are not even—poor fellows!—allowed to buy and sell their own commissions. This is not a digression.

There have been seasons when the spectacle even of a private in the Household Cavalry talking to a nurserymaid in Kensington-gardens, or swishing his off-spur with his riding-whip—why do cavalry soldiers, who are not allowed to use whips when they ride, always carry those *frustra* when they are on foot?—has made my teeth chatter in my head; but a gentleman in the Blues, bearing her Majesty's commission! Let me draw a veil over the picture of pusillanimity which I then presented. The ineffable Entity used, ere I had seen the elephant, to terrify me as direly as the spectre of the Commendatore frightened Don Juan's valet. Leporello, you will remember, got underneath the table (just as Mrs. Bencroft is accustomed to do so cleverly in *Caste*) when the phantom statue came clumping—can't you hear the clang of his horrible stone boots now?—into the supper-room; but there is no table beneath which you can crouch, say, in the Mall of St. James's Park, when her Majesty, attended by the Yeomen of the Guard and escort of the Blues, goes by on her way to open the session of Parliament—used to go by, I should say, perhaps.

I have seen him thus—our splendid and valiant Captain Hercules Lambswool—in attendance on his royal Mistress in the good old times, ere Shillibeer and the directors of the Necropolis Company became the chief gentlemen-ushers and masters of the revels at the Court of England. I have seen the captain riding by the carriage-window of Royalty, and I have trembled. Gigantic yet serene, puissant yet languid, beautiful, august, and terrible, yet "mild as the moonbeams." Look at his helmet; sure, no one save with the eye of Mars, to threaten or command, and the front of Jove himself, could presume to don that shining casque, with its towering plume of blood-red horsehair. Look at those flashing bunches of bullion on his shoulders—Lambswool was in the Blues ere the vile Prussian tunic came in and epaulettes were abolished. Regard that glittering cuirass, and ponder on the undaunted heart which must be throbbing beneath. I entreat you to survey, finally, his sumptuous sash of mingled gold and crimson strands; the emblazoned housings of that sable charger, which neighs and paws and prances, ready at a moment's notice, I will be bound, to cry among the captains "Ha, ha!" Then, look at the sheepskin adornments to the saddle; his gleaming gauntlets—gauntlets, being pipe-clayed, don't gleam, by the way; still, it is as well not to lose a chance of invoking alliteration's artful aid—and, in particular, I adjure, I implore you to look upon his boots—Boots whose blackness the Ethiop might envy; for I suppose that black men think the most eboussed niggers the handsomest; boots, to give a superlative polish to which might have driven Warren to despair, and caused drops of emulative anguish to distil from the souls of Day and Martin. Can you not see, have you not seen, Captain Lambswool, or the contemporary types of the Lambswool race, under these gorgeous but somewhat overpowering circumstances? I have beheld him many a time and oft; and my heart, shivering with admiring awe, has descended into my civilian bluchers. Suppose the terrible being were to make a cut at me with his shining sabre! It might be only in fun, you know—the young giants must have their sports, and their favorite pastime at present is, I am given to understand, Polo—but what, I should like to know, are likely to be the feelings of a fly when the giant Hurliothrambo's son and heir "plays" with him; and what should I do, cloven from the crown to the chaps by one swashing blow from the Excalibur brandished by Captain Lambswool? Suppose he were to ride me down, where should I be? Where? Why, mashed under the hoofs of the terrible black charger with the flowing mane and tail, and the continually foaming bit. I should be lying trampled, squelched, and bleeding in the dust of the Mall; while, in the remote distance, Captain Hercules Lambswool still urged on his wild career as rapidly, at least, as the sober pace of the eight cream-coloured Hanoverians which drag—which used to drag, I mean—the state coach would permit him to urge it. And yet, at the very period when I was able to look upon Captain Lambswool without shaking, I happened to be—having recently returned from Paris—on intimate terms with a live sous-lieutenant in the *Cent Gardes*. This affable Colossus, who far exceeded six feet in stature, but who was somewhat weak at the knees, would absolutely permit me to treat him to absinthe and three-sous cigars at the *Café de Helder*. Fancy such a liberty being taken by a civilian with Captain Lambswool! He would have annihilated the "cad," as crazy Edward Irving threatened to annihilate the pew-opener.

I am not at all certain in my mind but that Captain Hercules was a terrible-looking in plain clothes—"muff" is, I believe, the correct term for civilian garments with gentlemen of his profession—as he was in full uniform, or in his splendid undress military garb; the blue frock with the abundant frogs and braiding; the forage-cap with the gold laudband, and the white waist-belt, with the sabre clattering at his spurred heels. He was the heaviest of heavy "swells," and consequently fearful to look upon, in his Poole-made surcoat—Smalpage had not come to the front in those days—with a rose in his button-hole, an "all-round" collar, and his wide check trousers with a broad stripe down each outside seam. I saw him once in a

"Noah's Ark coat"—a long, straight-skirted gaberdine, reaching well-nigh down to the heels, and which was popular for a brief period about the time of the battle of Inkermann. In that coat he looked like Shem—if you can imagine Shem with a long tawny moustache and his hair parted down the middle. He would wear a shooting-suit sometimes, rough and hairy, like a Scotch terrier's coat, and with buttons as large as cheeseplates. In evening dress even—the costume which in most cases obliterates a man's individuality for the nonce, and places a duke on the same level with a waiter—Lambswool was simply appalling. At balls he usually took up the position of a "wall-flower." He was too tremendous to join in anything less heroic than that Dance of the Heroes which Kaulbach has depicted in his *Homer in Griechenland*, and when he leant against a wall, calmly but superbly surveying the giddy whirling crowd, you could not help recalling that one of his names was Samson, and angling shudderingly that in a minute or so he would pull down Willis's Rooms on the heads of the Philistine host bodily.

And yet he was not, in the main, half a bad fellow, for all his six-feet-two, his big blonde moustaches, and his generally over-whelming mien. Let it be first borne in mind that he was to all intents and purposes a "swell" of the swells. Poor Felix Whitehurst, who is dead, and was the best-abused man of his time—I can't help fancying that he was rather glad, poor fellow to know that he was going to a land where there was neither *Pall Mall Gazette* nor *Saturday Review*—used to divide the august race to which Lambswool belonged into three species:—Heavy Swells, Howling Swells, and Shady Swells. The Duke of Doncaster—everybody knows him, from M. Pellegrini's portrait—is a "Heavy Swell." He drives the twice-a-week coach to Coldwaltham in the season, the Duchess sometimes taking the box-seat. He owns a Scotch county and a half; and he owes thirty thousand pounds to his tailor. If he be not the heaviest of swells, I should like to know who can lay claim to that proud appellation. As a type of a Howling Swell, I cannot choose a better specimen than Captain Fitz Firefly, of the Twenty-fourth Hussars, who drives, hunts, fishes, rides steeplechases, backs up penniless managers when they open theatres with "plenty of leg" in the burlesques; is as well known at Newmarket as at the Bedford at Brighton, and at the Café Anglais in Paris as at the Junior Plungers' and Bangup's Billiard Club in Pall Mall. He plays deeply; his betting books, were they all collected, would fill a shelf as long as that devoted, in the Museum Reading-Room, to the Pantheon Littéraire; he is on friendly terms with several distinguished prize-fighters; in the days of public executions at the Old Bailey he was always ready to make one to hire the first-floor front of the King of Denmark tavern; he has been twice summoned for cock-fighting; it required all the influence of his uncle, the bishop, to dissuade the Bumbleshire magistrate from sending him to the tread-mill for beating the county constabulary at a race-meeting; he pays—at least he owes—for all Miss Fillybuster's pug-dogs, sealskin jackets, diamond bracelets, and plebeian ponies; and he is a member of the "Rum. Pum. Pa." As for the Shady Swell, he can be very easily and briefly defined. He is Captain Ossidew (once a captain); but his commission was sold, and the proceeds "melted" long ago—late of the Twenty-fourth Hussars. You may see him swaggering down the Burlington Arcade arm-in-arm with Major Cockshy, late of the Venezuelan Cacadores, and Fred Frisker-till, late manager of the Royal Deficit Bank Limited. This is he, in smirched buckskin gloves—what a bill he had once at Ludlam's!—with patched boots, and an electro-gilt horse-shoe pin in his frayed scarf, sucking the butt of a cheap cigar, and ogling the girls in the bonnet-shops. This is he, in a shabby straw hat and a reefer jacket, white at the seams, and with a battered telescope under his arm, loafing on the pier at Ryde in the yachting season, and pretending that he is looking out for Jack Galesby, of the Andromeda. That may be; but Jack, otherwise the Right Honourable Viscount Galesby, is certainly not looking out for Captain Ossidew, late of the Twenty-fourth Hussars; and did he catch sight of that scapegrace would give him the cut direct. The Shady Swell is very well known in west-end bill-discounters' dens, and in the board-rooms of bubble companies. He always carries a pack of cards and a set of dice in his travelling-bag; he shuts his eyes, or pulls up the collar of his coat, when a cab bears him past Trimmer's Hotel, lest William the waiter, of whom he has borrowed enough money to set that poor fellow up in the greengrocery line, should espy him; and in sporting circles there runs a rumour that not later than last July, and at Diddlebury races, Captain Ossidew, late of the Twenty-fourth Hussars, was ducked as a "Welcher."

My own belief is that, in addition to the three types of sweldom just enumerated, there is another, the Awful Swell—the Lambswool Swell, in fine. Of shadiness there was not in his character one iota; but he was a little too dissipated to be styled, with strict propriety, "Heavy." The modern Heavy Swell goes in early for politics and the Commission of the Peace, writes letters to the papers about the Game Laws and the Incidence of Taxation, and is sometimes a member of the School Board. He was given, was Lambswool, so report said, to divers decidedly "tearing" practices; but, if he tore, it was always in an awful manner. "He is a wicked, wicked young man, my dear," old Lady Frumpleby (his aunt, indeed) was

wont to say to her three daughters. "But he has charming manners, mamma," Lady Fanny Frumpleby would plead. "He is very good-looking," Lady Mildred (a giddy, thoughtless thing) would giggle. "He is so delightfully naughty," Lady Eva would murmur. Wherein lay his wickedness? Whispers on the subject were many; but certainties were few. He had one of the neatest turn-outs in the way of a dark-green cabriolet, one of the largest thoroughbred cab horses, and one of the smallest tigers, in buckskins and topboots, to hang on behind, ever beheld; and there is no denying that, with the reins in his hand, and with one of Carrera's eighteenpenny regalias between his lips, he looked delightfully, but still awfully, wicked. His sealskin cigar-case; his lapiz-lazuli fusee-box; his betting-book bound in malachite; the shawl-pattern dressing-gown and scarlet morocco slippers he wore in chambers; the ragged Dandie Dismont that trotted at his heels; the Chubb-locked photograph album which reposed on his bedroom table; the picture in the Florentine frame, but closely veiled with a green-silk curtain, which hung over his bed-head—all these things were looked upon, somehow, as elements in his wickedness. Give a dog a bad name—the proverb is somewhat musty. "He is the soul of honour, mamma," his cousin and staunch ally, Lady Fanny Frumpleby, would cry. "Mauvais sujets of his description generally are," the old lady would cynically reply. Brutus was an honourable man; so was the Cardinal de Richelieu. "How is it that his name never gets into the papers?" Sir Benjamin Backbite would sometimes charitably inquire. "It's always hushed up; it must be hushed up," that truly Christian woman, Mrs. Candour, would suggest. "He'll be found out some day; that's one consolation." Thus Lady Sneerwell, and thus, my brothers and sisters, they are talking about you at this very moment. My dear Mrs. Bountiful, you spent the whole of this afternoon at home, trimming a bonnet, in sheer kindness of heart, for your housemaid; but Mrs. Candour has told half a hundred people in Belgrave that at 2.30 p.m. you were seen at the Victoria Station, Pimlico, entering a first-class compartment of a train bound for the Crystal Palace, and in the company of young Shunter, the son of the well-known millionaire manufacturer of rolling stock. My dear Mr. Intiger, when Sir Benjamin Backbite met you coming out of Marlborough-street Police-court the other morning, whither you had gone to prosecute an extortionate cabman, he rushed down to the club (the Senior Thersites) and told Mawworm, the *Saturday Reviewer*; and Blackbile, the retired Q.C.; and old Dr. Belladonna, the late Grand-Duke of Tartarus' body-physician, that you had been locked up all night on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, and had got off in the morning (under the name of Highlow Jinks, medical student) with a fine of forty shillings. Some nice people I knew once circulated a report that I had gone raving mad, and was under the care of Dr. Douchewell, at Isleworth, until steps could be taken to get me into St. Luke's. They were not very far from the truth at the time, these nice people, for I had been in excruciating torture for nine days with the toothache.

There are two hundred and fifty thousand lies told every minute in London (I have the late Mr. Babbage's authority for this) about people's goings-on; and since the introduction of the post-card system the average is said to be rapidly increasing. If you tell your detractors they are Liars, they bring actions for libel against you.

Captain Hercules Lambswool allowed the world to lie its very hardest—or to tell the truth; who shall say? He continued to be solemnly and equably awful, and to enjoy the reputation of being dreadfully wicked. It brought him a kind of celebrity—shocking, if you will, but undeniably sensational. The Russian Princess, Anna Commena Dosetmoff—her husband died in the Caucasus, in command of his regiment; but *les mauvaises langues* whispered that strychnine administered by mistake in a *petit verre* of Chartreuse verte, by his fond spouse, had a good deal to do with his premature decease, and who was reported to be the wickedest woman in Europe—was anxious to see the Captain. Sir Benjamin avows that he saw them together three Sundays afterwards on the lawn of the Castle Hotel, Richmond. It is very certain that Spancarati, the Princess's music-master, secretary, and Head of the Poison Closet (so Mrs. Candour hints), dedicated his "Flowing Arno" waltzes to "Monsieur Hercule Lambswool, Capitaine aux Gardes à cheval (Royal Horse-Guards Blue) de sa Majesté, la Reine d'Angleterre. Sir Benjamin had met Spancarati coming out of Lambswool's chambers in the Albany, and at 4 p.m. that day (*teste* Lady Sneerwell) the captain himself was seen, in the Grand Avenue of Covent-garden Market, emerging from the shop of Mrs. Buck, the florist, and bearing in one buckskin-gloved palm a bouquet pinned up in blue-tissue paper, and as big as a prize cauliflower. Lady Sneerwell did not precisely hear the captain tell his coachman (he was in his brougham that day, not in his cab nor in his mail Phaeton) to drive to Eaton-place, the abode of the wicked countess; but her ladyship read the direction in his eyes.

Of course, one year, when he dropped his subscription to the omnibus box at Covent-garden, and took a stall at her Majesty's (the burnt-down one) instead, people said that the reason for his secession was the migration (through a squabble with the stage-manager) of Mademoiselle Gambanuda, the famous danseuse, from Bow-street to the Haymarket. Equally, of course, when Roger the Monk made

a bad third instead of coming in a triumphant first at Goodwood, and it was commonly known at Tattersall's that Lambswool, who, in his calmly awful way, had backed the animal heavily, had lost fifteen thousand pounds, people said that he would never pay a farthing, and that on the eve of settling-day he would go off salmon-fishing to Norway. "Fellows who plunged," chuckled little Tom Sneak, in the smoking-room of the Ugly-Mug Club, "must expect spills. I always thought that long-legged conceited jackanapes would come down a whopper." Tom had a betting book of his own; and he begged so beautifully that he always told you that he "stood on velvet," and, come what might, stood to win three hundred and fifty pounds sure; all of which did not enable him to pay his last losses, amounting to twenty-seven pounds two-and-six-pence, on the Chester Cup. He is at present residing at Monaco, and backs the red.

The people at Tattersall's—in whose yard not half so many lies are told as in what is ordinarily termed "good society"—were, on the other hand, quite comfortable in their minds about the unlucky backer of Roger the Monk. "The capting's good for more than double of what he put the pot on for," Mr. Gumbles, a heavy creditor on the Goodwood score, observed to Josh Smoocher, an "Ebrew Jew, who once kept a hazard bank, of the kind known as a "Silver Hell," at a coffee-shop in a back-slum of Soho, but who now runs horses and is thinking some day of going into Parliament. "Good!" echoed Mr. Smoocher. "He's good for forty thou. He ain't got a inch o' parchment on his esthates; and he's bound to come in to a lot more when the old lady dies. Bethides he don't sthpend eight hundred a year on himself, and he's awful honorable." Strange, that in one particular at least, Lady Fanny Frumpleby, that haughty beauty, and Mr. Jehoshaphat Smoocher, the betting man, should be of one mind.

The captain paid; and, oddly enough, did go salmon-fishing to Norway immediately afterwards. Then people said, of course, that he was fearfully shaken by his losses—that he was "dipped," heavily "dipped," my dear, and was mortgaging his patrimony right and left. Papillon, of the Coldstreams—Charley, otherwise "Baby," Papillon, one of the best-natural fellows about town—remarked to Lord McCraw, of the Scots Fusiliers, as the two stood together in the celebrated bow-window which overlooks Pall Mall, that he had heard poor old Lamb was "short"—which is Guardsmanesque for that which civilians term being "hard up"—and that, although he didn't, as a rule, like fellows in the Blues, he should be glad to lend the old fellow a "thou" if he wanted it. Lord McCraw concurred with him, judiciously adding that Lambswool had "fairish expatancies."

Lambswool's aunt died soon afterwards of a surfeit of green tea, hydrate of chloral, *pâté de foie gras*, and advanced ritualism at St. Celsus-on-sea. She was the "old lady" so touchingly alluded to by Mr. Jehoshaphat Smoocher in Tattersall's yard. Lambswool had been wealthy enough before; his father, the descendant of a long line of Yorkshire thanes, who had held their own for many generations before the coming of the Conqueror, and were, indeed, both astonished and indignant at the impudence of the Norman invader in coming over at all—Lambswool's papa, I say, a valiant Waterloo officer and K.C.B., had left our Hercules, his only son, a fair rent-roll, from which—that disastrous business of Roger the Monk notwithstanding—no snippings or clippings had been made to make mortgage-deeds withal. Lambswool's aunt, his father's sister, was the enormously rich Mrs. Huyghens, chief (albeit dormant) partner in the great Amsterdam house of Huyghens, Vanderboom, and Van Dam—that historical firm which has made so many millions by dealing in Dutch cheeses, European loans, quicksilver mines, curacao, niggers, Dutch dolls, and other miscellaneous articles. It is unnecessary to particularise the precise augmentation of fortune accruing to Captain Lambswool by the decease of his Anglo-Batavian relative. Let it suffice to report verbatim a remark soon afterwards made by Mr. Gumble, meeting Mr. Jehoshaphat Smoocher, one sunny settling-day—Roger the Monk had come in first somewhere or another—that "the old girl had cut up very beefy, and had left the capting a pot of money;" to which Mr. Smoocher replied that he wished he had half his (the captain's) complaint; and that if he thought of getting married, and wanted any diamonds, he (Mr. Smoocher) knew a party who could accommodate him in a brace of shakes.

Words of wisdom were these uttered by the wary betting men, albeit couched in words which Dr. Latham might scruple about admitting into his dictionary. It happened that the captain a very few months after the death of Mrs. Huyghens, did begin to think about getting married, and that although the bounteous old lady left him plenty of jewelry, he wanted more diamonds. It must be regarded, I suppose, as a dispensation of Providence for the benefit of the Bond-street jewelers, that brides expectant are never satisfied with the trinkets of their great-grandmothers. Were it otherwise how would the Bond-street jewelers live—to say nothing of their acquiring gigantic fortunes, and purchasing magnificent estates in the Midland counties—I should like to know?

Captain Lambswool made a distinguished although not an aristocratic match. He married Georgiana, eldest daughter of Mr. Trolley, M.P., that famous and wealthy engineer and contractor, to whom modern civilization is indebted for the Squanderbury and Lavisham branch of the Grand Trunk Railway from Basinghall-

street to Babylon. It has been calculated by an eminent statistician that nine hundred and seven benefited clergymen were seriously involved; that fourteen hundred and twelve widows, with a small independence, were reduced to poverty and compelled to let out lodgings or to take in washing; that four hundred and fifty-three retired officers of the army and navy were forced to sell their half-pay; that two thousand highly-accomplished young ladies were fain to go out as governesses; and that ten per cent of the aggregate of sufferers cut their throats, drowned themselves in the Regent's Canal, or became inmates of Hanwell and Colney-Hatch Lunatic Asylums, solely in consequence of the Squanderbury and Lavisham branch of the Babylon and Baginshall-street line, in which they were original shareholders. Civilization, I need scarcely say, benefited splendidly by the undertaking, as it has likewise done by the Athenese Irrigation Works, the Great Desert of Sahara Oasis Company, the Sea-Coast of Bohemia Breakwater and Light-house Company, the Wan'sworth Pond Whale-fishing Adventure, and the Association for erecting Grand Hotels at Samarcand, East Grinstead, and Pulo-Penang. In all of these undertakings Mr. Trolley, M.P., had a share, and from each he withdrew a very comfortable number of thousands of pounds—the original shareholders being, like Lord Ullin in the ballad, "left lamenting." It is fitting, nay, inevitable, that the few should be sacrificed for the benefit of the many. Let it be your constant endeavor, my Young Friend, to find yourself in the majority.

I deeply regret to record that the union of Captain Lambswool—he sold out on his marriage, but courtesy will continue to give him his military title—with Miss Trolley was not a happy one. It cannot precisely be said that the bride and bridegroom began to quarrel almost as soon as the nuptial knot was tied, because it takes two parties to make a quarrel, and Lambswool was the most placable and indulgent of husbands; still, it seems undeniable that ere the honeymoon was over, Mrs. Lambswool had been thrice in hysterics; and before they had been married six months, Sir Benjamin Backbite was ready to make an affidavit that Mrs. L. had thrown a teacup at her lord in a private room at the Grand Hotel, Paris; and that in the brougham which was conveying the happy pair to the Duchess of Diachylon's ball, in the season of 18—, the adored one of Lambswool's heart had twisted her jewelled fingers in his white neckcloth and manifested a burning desire to choke him; and that Lambswool had privately and mysteriously asked Mr. Buddlecombe, of Bolus and Buddlecombe, the eminent chemists and druggists of South Kensington, whether a tall lady dressed in black and closely veiled had been purchasing any of Batley's Solution of Opium at their establishment lately. As for Lady Sneerwell, she went about town with a circumstantial and detailed account of Mrs. Lambswool, at 11.30 one night, after a dinner-party which her husband had given in honor of the appointment of his friend Sir Xerxes Timmins, K.C.B., to the Governorship of the Cruel Islands, putting on her bonnet and shawl, and packing up her jewelry, a Maltese lace veil, and two Dresden china pug-dogs in a sealskin bag, with the avowed intention of going home to her mother.

For a wonder, the backbiters were this time not wholly drawing on imagination for their facts. I discard the Batley's Solution of Opium story, but as for the rest I gravely fear the bill of indictment must be a true one. There had been fearful goings-on at the gorgeous mansion in Bucephalus-gardens, S.W., where the Lambswools resided. Dark rumors were current among the servants as to master's "carrying-on," but what he carried and how he carried it nobody seemed precisely to know. Still it was agreed on all hands that he was wickeder than ever, and that Mrs. Lambswool was a "suffering angel." I have known a good many suffering angels in my time. One of them of me in the hand rather badly; but then she was an angel with very highly-strung nerves, and could not bear the least excitement.

The end of it was a judicial separation; and the general conduct of Lambswool (the minutest details of his private life were not asked, I can assure you) formed the text for a good many leading articles of the description known as "spicy" in the penny papers. He went abroad after the termination of that ugly business in the Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, and Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and the rest are unanimous in stating that the Captain (who has of course sold out from the Blues) is living at Damascus, where he dresses *à la Turque*, and entertains a whole seraglio full of moon-faced houri. Is it all true I wonder, or a lie? *Quien sabe?* I am yet constrained to remember that when the Reverend Nepomucene Chrysostom, so long the deservedly popular incumbent of St. Philidor-the-Martyr South Albertopolis, preached his farewell sermon on being appointed to the Missionary Bishopric of the Cruel Islands, he dwelt with affectionate eloquence on the long and valuable services rendered to him as a lay-helper in parish work by Captain Lambswool. He knew, he said, for a certainty, that the Captain habitually gave away at least half of his income in charity, and that nearly every moment he could spare from his military duties was devoted to sedulous discharge of his labors as a district visitor. But Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Sir Benjamin Backbite, and the rest were not to be convinced against their will, and, as regards that poor dear Captain Lambswool's wickedness, are of the same opinion still.

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These MSS. will be preserved until the Fourth of January next, and if not applied for by that time will be destroyed. Stamps should be sent for return postage.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

He who possesses gold holds a wand of magic power. Though but so much metal, it means worldly honor and consideration — it means land, houses, luxuries, pleasures, and all the good things of this life. Therefore we wonder not that, to obtain possession of this potent metal, so much toil is devoted, so many dangers are encountered, so many terrible

temptations are risked. For gold, men are found ready to sell themselves body and soul—to cross seas and deserts—to rake mud, riddle dirt, and work with spade, pickaxe, and cradle, among ruffians and desperadoes, in California and Australia. You cannot define the lengths to which men will not go in their eager thirst for gold. Yet every evil has some mixture of good in it. Though ambition and avarice may impel men to seek gold, human progress is, nevertheless, in some mysterious way identified with the search. As the search for gold by the early alchemists led to the first close cultivation of chemistry, and laid the foundations of that science—so the search for gold in modern times has led to a dispersion and admixture of the old races of men, and is destined to issue in the establishment of powerful empires in regions now comparatively desert and unpeopled. The fertile soil of Australia, its abounding flocks and herds, and illimitable agricultural wealth, long invited emigrants in vain; but when once gold was discovered there, emigrants from all the old and overpeopled countries in Europe flowed into the region apace, and straightway a great nation was founded.

As for the gold, it was not wealth. It is, at best, a mere representative of it,—heretofore so regarded, because men have conventionally agreed upon accepting that metal as the article of exchange for food, clothing, and property, in consequence of its supposed scarcity and limited supply. But let gold be found in as great abundance as copper, and it at once ceases to be the representative of wealth. But land ever remains the same; and no matter whether gold be scarce or plentiful, land will always represent food and clothing, which, under all circumstances, must constitute the great foundation-wealth of the human race. Gold has been conventionally agreed upon by civilized nations as the "circulating medium" of value, because it has heretofore been found only in small quantities, and has been obtained with considerable risk and labor. The possibility of gold becoming as abundant as copper or zinc was never dreamt of. Whoever imagined a country, the rocks and earths of which were impregnated with gold? So, then, gold is not a scarce article, after all; and the production of it is not necessarily dangerous or laborious.

What may be the ultimate effects of the sudden increase of gold in our way, it is not for us to discuss in this place. That is a point which we gladly leave to the political philosophers—and a knotty point they will find it. But let us turn towards the more historic aspect of the gold question, and contemplate for a moment the earlier features of the gold-hunting mania. The desire for earthly happiness early impelled men to search for wealth,—especially for gold, which was its equivalent;—and thousands of men, in all countries, early gave themselves up to the pursuit of it. But, in those early times, it was not the laborers, with pick and cradle, who searched for gold, but the wisest and most ambitious men — men armed with all the known science of their day, possessed of unconquerable ardor, and inspired with a passion for knowledge which almost bordered on madness. For nearly fifteen centuries did the hunt for the Philosopher's Stone continue; and though the Universal Solvent, which was to convert all metals into gold, was never found, yet the results of the search for it were of incalculable importance to the human race.

There is a well-known story of an old man, the father of three idle sons, calling them around him when on his death-bed, to impart to them an important secret. "My sons," said he, "a great treasure lies hid in the estate which I am about to leave you." The old man gasped.—"Where, is it hid?" exclaimed the sons, in a breath. — "I am about to tell you," said the old man; "you will have to dig for it." But his breath failed him before he could impart the weighty secret; and he died. Forthwith the sons set to work with spade and mattock upon the long-neglected fields, and they turned up every sod and clod upon the estate. They discovered no treasure, but they learnt to work; and when the fields were sown, and the harvest came, lo! the yield was quite prodigious, in consequence of the thorough tillage which they had undergone. Then it was that they discovered the treasure concealed in the estate, of which their wise old father had advised them. Just so has it been with the study of alchemy by the ancient philosophers. In the hope of discovering the "virgin earth," the Philosopher's Stone, they, with indefatigable perseverance and constancy, brought into contact all known substances, organic and inorganic; and though they did not attain the object of their search, they achieved results fraught with vastly greater consequence to man. As Mr. Tupper puts it in his "Proverbial Philosophy":—

"The alchemist labored in folly, but catcheth chance gleams of wisdom,
 And findeth out many inventions, though his crucible breed not gold."

The most learned men among the Egyptian philosophers were engaged in searching for the Philosopher's Stone many centuries before

Christ; and from Egypt the Arabians, after the conquest of that country, carried abroad their knowledge of natural and scientific truths over the then civilized world. Whoever has read the "Tales of the Thousand and One Nights" (and who has not) will remember that the geni of the Arabians are always the guardians of immeasurable treasures, of gardens whose trees are of gold, and their fruits of precious gems. Never has the Romance of Wealth been written in a style more fascinating, from Ali Baba and Sinbad the Sailor, to Aladdin and Nouraddin. The Arabs were a people most eager in their pursuit of gain and gold; and these tales merely represent the popular as well as the learned tastes at the time when Bagdad, Bus-sora, and Damascus were amongst the most wealthy and renowned cities of the East.

HAIRY MEN.

Two remarkable instances of hairy men arrived recently in Berlin. They are Russians, father and son, and have excited so much interest that Professor Virchow has delivered a lecture upon the phenomenon, an abstract of which appears in the *Edinburg Medical Journal*.

They are peculiarly remarkable in being edentulous. They are not hairy men in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but more resemble some of the monkey tribe (the Diana monkey, cuxio, etc.); while their edentulous condition carries them yet lower in the animal scale. The eldest is a man aged over 55, Andrian by name, said to be the son of a Russian soldier from the district of Kostroma. He was born during the period of service of his reputed father, and has no resemblance to him, to his mother, or to a brother and sister whom he possesses. To escape the unkindness of his fellow villagers, Andrian fled to the woods, where he lived in a cave, and was much given to drunkenness; even yet he is said to live chiefly on sauerkraut and schnapps; but his mental condition, which is truly none of the sharpest, does not seem to have suffered, and he is, on the whole, of a kindly disposition, and affectionate to his son, and to those about him. Andrian was married, and had two children, who died young; one of these was a girl resembling her father; but of the other, a boy, nothing can be ascertained. Fedor, the boy, exhibited with him, is three years old, and comes from the same village; he is said to be Andrian's son, born in concubinage; and it is most probable that this is the case, as it would be singular were two such creatures to originate independently in one small village. The peculiarity of these individuals is that they have an excessive growth of hair upon one particular part of the body, namely, the face and neck; on the body and lower extremities there is also a stronger growth of hair; and particularly on the back and arms of the child, there are sundry patches of 0.15 inch to 0.25 inch in diameter, covered with soft yellowish white hair 0.12 to 0.24 inch long. Andrian himself has on his body isolated patches strewn, but not thickly, with hair 1.5 inches to 2 inches long. But all this is trifling and subordinate compared with the hair growth on the face, to which attention is mainly directed. Andrian has only the left eye tooth in the upper jaw; Virchow has not stated how many teeth are in his lower jaw, but from the context it is improbable that he has more than his son, namely, four incisors. The son has no teeth, hardly any alveolar process, and the upper lip is very narrow, so that the upper jaw appears depressed; the father presents the same appearance. It is somewhat singular that a similar family has long been known to exist at Ava, and was first described by Crawford in 1829, and since then by Beigel. Three generations of this family are now known to exist. The grandfather, Shwe-Maon, had a daughter Maphoon, and she again a son, all of whom present precisely the same peculiarities as in the family of Andrian, not only as to the growth of hair, but also as to the teeth. The grandfather has in the upper jaw only four incisors, in the lower jaw four incisors and one eye tooth; and these teeth did not appear till he was twenty years of age. Maphoon has only four incisors in each jaw; the eye teeth and molars are wholly wanting; the first two incisors appeared during her second year. The peculiarity of the hairiness in these individuals is of the same type as in Andrian and his son, in whom every part of the face and neck, usually only covered with lanugo, is covered with long hair, the very eyelids being so covered, the eyelashes being normal, while flowing locks come out of both nostrils, and also out of the *meatus auditorius externus*. At first sight, the occurrence of two such families in two such distinct parts of the world seems to point them out as "Missing links"—as the unreformed descendants of an earlier race of man. And our thoughts are carried back to the Ainos or hairy Kuriles, who are believed to be the remains of the aborigines of Japan, and who now inhabit the northern parts of the Island of Yesso and the southern part of the island of Saghalien. At first these aborigines were stated to be as hairy as our wild men; but from more accurate information, obtained by the Berlin Anthropological Society through the German resident Herr Von Brandt, accompanied by numerous photographs and Japanese pictures of these Ainos, and from an examination of a skull recently obtained through Privy Councillor Von Pellean, Virchow is able to state with positiveness that, neither in respect of the formation of hair nor

in regard to the teeth, have the Ainos any analogy with the Russian or Burmese hairy men. The Ainos are certainly hairier on the chest and extremities than the nations around them, but there is nothing peculiar in the distribution of the hair, and the males have hair only on the typical parts peculiar to man. There is not a shadow of a race connection between the Ainos and the Russian hairy men, and only the most prurient imagination could connect the latter with the Burmese family. No doubt, careful breeding could raise a new race of men from this accidental variety, just as various new races of domestic animals, dogs, for instance, have been propagated from accidental varieties. Virchow, however, believes that the peculiarities, belonging to the Russian as well as to the Burmese families, depend upon idiosyncrasies of innervation, and these upon accidental congenital abnormalities in the *trigemini*, within whose domain all these features present themselves, only to be ascertained by careful dissection.

AN ARTFUL KNAVE.

At Highgate, Vt., lately, while Deacon Jeremy Record and his son were in the woods at work, leaving the son's wife, a young woman of eighteen, the sole occupant of the house, a man, disguised with a black veil, noiselessly entered the house and, coming unperceived upon the young woman, seized her arms from behind and bound them. He then put a rope around her neck and secured her to a kettle of boiling water on the stove, so that she could not move without pulling it upon herself. Then, after threatening to take her life if she made any outcry or attempted to escape, the robber ransacked the house, securing a pocket-book containing \$75 and a lot of household goods. He then released Mrs. Record, and again threatening her life if she raised an alarm made good his escape.

A FLOWERY LAND.

If Mexico is the land of revolutions it is also the land of flowers. According to a contemporary Indians sit at the street corners all the year round in the early morning, making and selling for a real (6d.) bouquets which in London or New York could not be got for a guinea. Roses, verbenas, heliotropes, and carnations grow like weeds; and besides the made-up bouquets, the Indians bring down from the mountains packs of the Flor de San Juan (*Bouvardia*), a flower like a white jessamine, and for a quartilla (1½d.) one can buy an armful of it, which will scent a whole house for a week.

NEWS NOTES.

News has been received from San Domingo that General Ignacio Gonzello has been elected President of the Republic.

PRESIDENT Grant's message to Congress concerning the Island of Cuba has been most severely criticised by the Cuban papers.

THE Emperor William of Germany is so prostrated by throat disease that the greatest caution is necessary to prevent serious results.

A PRIZE fight came off lately at the back of Long Island, between James Turner, of New Orleans, and Edward McDuff. After 29 rounds Turner was declared the winner.

THREE packages addressed to the wife of the French Ambassador at Washington have been seized by the Custom House authorities. The packages contained costly silks, laces, &c., &c.

PRESIDENT Castelar has instructed the Minister of the Colonies that the Spanish Republic is virtually pledged to abolish slavery, and that he is to do all in his power to forward this mission.

THE Charleston and Brooklyn navy yards have resumed their usual hours of labor, and the emergency being now over, a number of the hands have been discharged from the latter yard.

SOME serious complications seem to have arisen between the English and Spanish Governments with regard to Cuba. Their nature is not stated, but the West India fleet is to be largely increased.

THERE seems to have been some trouble in San Domingo, as President Nissage Saget refuses to vacate his office except in favor of General Dominique, whom the House of Representatives are determined not to have as President.

A MEETING of the ladies of Ottawa was held yesterday for the purpose of forming a Ladies' Immigration Aid Society. Numbers signed their names, and signified their intention of applying to the Ontario Legislature for an Act of Incorporation.

THE New York Tribune publishes a letter from one of the survivors of the "Ville de Havre" disaster, in which the writer expresses his firm opinion that the accident occurred through an inexcusable blunder on the part of those in charge of the steamer, and bears witness to the cowardly behavior of the officers and crew.

THE investigation into the character of the "Virginus" is to take place in New York. The Government are powerless to proceed against Paterson, who obtained the registry of the vessel, on account of the limitations statute; neither can Paterson be proceeded against in any way, two years having elapsed since he obtained the papers.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CHILD.

I passed and saw in a sunlit room
A butterfly flutter its golden plume,
While a baby vainly strove to clasp
Its silken wing in its tiny grasp.

I passed again, and the sunlit room
Was shrouded in darkness, and saddened in
gloom,
And the voice of the baby was silent and
hushed,
And beside him the wings of the butterfly
crushed;

For cold and still on the snowy bed,
Like a snow-drop, pale, lay the baby dead;
And the tangled maze of his sunny hair
Seemed bright with the light that the angels
wear.

Once more I passed, and methought on high
A song broke forth from the distant sky,
And I felt as the cadence swept along
'Twas the silver sound of that baby's song—

"Ever my father's face I see,
Ever, for ever, it smiles on me,
And never again shall my voice be hushed
Or the prize, I am grasping be withered and
crushed."

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The
Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK THE LAST.

CHAPTER VI.

LUCIUS IN QUEST OF JUSTICE.

Lucius went to Messrs. Pullman and Everill's office the day after Ferdinand Sivewright's death. Mr. Pullman, an active-looking elderly man, received him with that stock-in-trade kind of politeness which thriving solicitors keep for unknown clients, heard his story, smiled somewhat incredulously at some of its details, but reserved his opinion until he should have mastered the case.

"Isn't it rather strange that we should never have heard of this youthful marriage of Mr. Henry Glenlyne's," he said, with his sceptical smile, when the story was finished, "if there had been such a marriage?"

"Not more strange than that other clandestine marriages should be kept secret," said Lucius.

"Ah, but they so seldom are kept secret for more than a year or two; they always transpire somehow. Facts are like water, Mr. Davoren, and have an odd way of leaking out. This supposed marriage, according to your showing, is an event of twenty years ago."

"There is really no room for speculation upon the subject," said Lucius coolly. "You can easily verify my statement by a reference to the registries of St. James's, Piccadilly, where Félicie Dumarques' marriage is no doubt recorded."

This was unanswerable. Mr. Pullman looked meditative, but said nothing.

"And what is your motive in coming to me?" he asked at last.

"I came here presuming that you, as Mr. Henry Glenlyne's solicitor, would be naturally desirous to see his daughter righted."

"But suppose I should be disinclined to believe in the parentage of this young lady, your protégée?"

"My future wife, Mr. Pullman."

"Ah, I understand," returned the lawyer quickly, as much as to say, "We are getting to the motive of your conduct, my young gentleman."

"I have been engaged to Miss Glenlyne for nearly a year," said Lucius, as if answering Mr. Pullman's degrading supposition, "but it is only within the last week that I have discovered the secret of her parentage."

"Indeed; then whatever hope you may entertain of future profit from this discovery is a recent hope, and has had no influence in the matter of your regard for this young lady?"

"None whatever. I do not pretend to be superior to human nature in general, but I think I may safely say that there are few men who set less value on money, in the abstract, than I do. But whatever portion my wife may be entitled to receive I am ready to fight for, and to fight still more resolutely for the name which she is entitled to bear."

"But granted that the marriage which I hear of for the first time to-day did actually take place, what is to prove to any legal mind that this young lady whom you put forward is the issue of that marriage?"

Yes, as Ferdinand Sivewright had said, here was the weakness of the case. Lucius now for the first time perceived that he ought to have secured the dying man's deposition of the facts

concerning Lucille. But, standing by that bed of pain, he had hardly been in a condition to consider the case from the lawyer's standpoint. He had forgotten that Sivewright's statement was but fleeting breath, and that this single witness of the truth was swiftly passing beyond the jurisdiction of earthly tribunals.

"For that we must rely on circumstantial evidence," he said after a longish pause. "The woman who nursed Lucille Glenlyne may be still alive."

"How old was the child when this nurse left her?"

"About four, I believe."

"You believe!" echoed Mr. Pullman contemptuously. "Before you approached me upon such a subject as this, Mr. Davoren, you might at least have taken the trouble to be certain about your facts. You believe that the child was about four years old when her nurse left her, and you rely upon this nurse, who may or may not be living, to identify the four-year-old child she nursed in the young lady of nineteen whom you put forward."

"You are somewhat hard upon me, Mr. Pullman."

"Sir," said the lawyer, with a Johnsonian air, "I abhor chimeras."

"I do not, however, despair of making Miss Glenlyne's identity clear even to your legal mind. As I have told you, Mr. and Mrs. Glenlyne occupied a cottage near Sidmouth for the few years of their wedded life. The little girl was born there, nursed there, and conveyed straight from that cottage to the house in Bond-street, where she was brought up in the care of old Mr. Sivewright. Now the date of her removal from Sidmouth will fit into the date of her arrival in Bond-street, to which Mr. Sivewright can testify; and it will go hard if we cannot find people in Sidmouth—servants, tradesmen, the landlord of the cottage—who will remember the child's abrupt removal and be able to swear to the date."

"Able to swear," exclaimed Mr. Pullman, again contemptuously. "What fact is there so incredible that legions of unimpeachable witnesses will not sustain it by their testimony? You mentioned the name of Sivewright just now. Is the person you spoke of one Ferdinand Sivewright?"

"No; the person in question is Ferdinand Sivewright's father."

"A pretty disreputable set, those Sivewrights, I should think," said Mr. Pullman, "so far as I can judge from the transactions between Ferdinand Sivewright and my late client, Mr. Henry Glenlyne, which were chiefly of the bill-discounting order."

"I have nothing to say in favor of Ferdinand Sivewright, who died yesterday at the London Hospital," answered Lucius; "but his father is an honest man, and it was his father who brought up Lucille, knowing nothing more of her parentage than the vague idea which he gathered from certain letters written by Mr. Glenlyne."

"O, Ferdinand Sivewright is dead, is he?" retorted Mr. Pullman, with a suspicious look; "and it is only after his death that this claim arises."

There was such an insolent doubt implied by the lawyer's words and manner that Lucius rose with an offended look, and was about to leave Mr. Pullman's office.

"You have chosen to discredit my statements," he said; "I can go to some other lawyer who will be more civil and less suspicious."

"Stop, sir," cried Mr. Pullman, wheeling round in his revolving chair as Lucius approached the door. "I don't say I won't help you; I don't say your case is not a sound one; nor do I doubt your good faith. Sit down again, and let us discuss the matter quietly."

"I have endeavored to do that, Mr. Pullman, but you have chosen to adopt an offensive tone, and the discussion is ended."

"Come, Mr. Davoren, why be so thin-skinned? You come to me with a story which at the first glance seems altogether incredible, and before I have had time to weigh the facts or to recover my breath after the surprise occasioned by your startling disclosure, you take offence and wish me good-morning. Go to another lawyer if you please; but if your case is a sound one, there is no one who can help you so well as I."

"You are perhaps solicitor to some other branch of the family—to people whose interests would be injuriously affected by the assertion of Lucille Glenlyne's claims."

"No, Mr. Davoren. When Mr. Spalding Glenlyne came into his cousin's property, he chose to employ another solicitor. My connection with the Glenlyne family then terminated, except as concerns Miss Glenlyne."

"Miss Glenlyne—who is that?"

"Henry Glenlyne's aunt. The sister of Mr. Reginald Glenlyne, who left him his fortune."

"Is it possible that Miss Glenlyne is still living?" exclaimed Lucius, remembering Monsieur Dolfe's description of the little elderly lady, thin, pale, and an invalid. And this description had applied to her twenty-two years ago. Miss Glenlyne must surely belong to the Rosicrucians, or to the house of Methuselah.

"Yes," replied Mr. Pullman, "Miss Glenlyne is a very old lady; between seventy and eighty, I daresay."

"But Miss Glenlyne was an invalid two-and-twenty years ago."

"She was; and she has gone on being an invalid ever since; no more healthy mode of life. She lives on mutton cutlets and sago puddings, dry toast and weak tea, and if she indulges in a second glass of dry sherry thinks it a debauch. She believes in the homeopathists, and experi-

mentalises upon her system with minute doses, which, if they do her no good, can hardly do her much harm. She spends her winters at Nice or Dawlish, knows not the meaning of emotion, and at the rate she lives—expenditure of vital force reduced to the lowest figure—she may go on living twenty-two years longer."

"If you have no relations with Mr. Spalding Glenlyne, there is no reason why you should not undertake to protect the interests of your late client's daughter," said Lucius. "I am quite ready to believe that your knowledge of the family may render your services better worth having than anybody else's. I came to you in perfect good faith, and in ignorance of everything except the fact of Mr. Glenlyne's marriage, and the melancholy fate of his wife, who died away from her husband and her child, as I have already told you."

"A sad case for the lady," said the lawyer. "I should like to see those letters, by the way, of which you spoke a little while ago."

"I have brought them with me," answered Lucius, producing the precious packet and the miniature.

"What a picture!" cried Mr. Pullman. "Yes, that is my client's portrait, undoubtedly, and a good likeness. A very handsome young man, Henry Glenlyne, but a weak one. Humph! These are the letters, are they?"

The lawyer read them carefully, and from time to time shook his head over them, with a slow and meditative shake, as who should say, "These are poor stuff."

"There is very little to help your case here," he said, when he had finished this deliberate perusal. "The child is spoken of as your little girl, or the little girl, throughout. The most rational conclusion would be that the child was Sivewright's child."

"Yet in that case why should Mr. Glenlyne, a young man about town, be interested in the child? Why should he give money? Why should he supplicate for secrecy?"

"Matter for philosophical speculation, but hardly a question to submit to a jury, or put in an affidavit," replied Mr. Pullman coolly.

"If there is nothing in those letters to help me, I will find the evidence I want elsewhere," said Lucius, inwardly fuming at this graybeard's impenetrability. "I will go down myself to Sidmouth—hunt out the landlord of that cottage."

"Of whose very name you are ignorant," interposed the man of business.

"Find the servant; advertise for the nurse; discover the doctor who attended Mrs. Glenlyne when that child was born; and link by link forge the chain of evidence which shall reinstate Lucille Glenlyne in the name her cowardly father stole from her."

"De mortuis," said the lawyer. "I admit that if your idea—mind, I fully believe in your own good faith, but you may be mistaken for all that—if your idea is correct, I repeat this girl has been badly treated. But my client is in his grave; let us make what excuses we can for conduct that at first sight appears unmanly."

"I can make no excuse for a man who repudiated his child; who suffered his wife to die broken-hearted, lest by a manly avowal of his marriage he should hazard the loss of fortune."

"Recollect that Henry Glenlyne was brought up and educated in the expectation of his uncle's fortune, that he was deeply in debt for some years before his uncle died, and that the forfeiture of that fortune would have been absolute ruin."

"It was a large fortune, I suppose?"

"It was a fortune that would have been counted large when I was a youngster, but which now might be called mediocre. It was under rather than over a hundred thousand pounds, and chiefly invested in land. Reginald Glenlyne had been in the Indian Civil Service when the pagoda-tree was better worth shaking than it is nowadays, and in a lengthened career had contrived to do pretty well for himself. He belonged to an old family, and a rich one, and had started in life with a competence."

"Henry Glenlyne did inherit this fortune, I conclude?"

"Yes, though the Spalding Glenlynes ran him hard for it."

"How long did he survive his uncle?"

"Nearly ten years. He married a year after the old man's death—married a fashionable woman, handsome, extravagant, and it was whispered a bit of a tartar. She brought him two sons and a daughter, who all died—a taint of consumption in the blood, people said; and the lady herself died of rapid consumption two years before her husband. The loss of wife and children broke him up altogether; and Joseph Spalding Glenlyne, who had watched the estate like a harpy ever since he left Cambridge, had the satisfaction of coming into possession of it after all."

"Did Henry Glenlyne make a will?"

"No; he died suddenly, though his constitution had been broken for some time before the end. Joseph Glenlyne inherited under the uncle's will."

"And that left the estate—"

"To Henry Glenlyne, and his children after him. Failing such issue, to Joseph Spalding Glenlyne, and his children after him. Mr. Spalding Glenlyne has plenty of children—raw-boned boys, who prowl about Westminster between school-hours with their luncheons in blue bags. A saying man, Mr. Glenlyne. I have seen his boys in the abbey itself munching surreptitious sandwiches."

"Then this estate now held by Mr. Spalding Glenlyne actually belongs of right to Lucille."

"If you can prove her to be the legitimate

daughter of Henry Glenlyne, she is most decidedly entitled so claim it."

"If I cannot prove that, I must be unworthy of success in any walk of life," said Lucius.

"Leave the case in my hands, Mr. Davoren, and leave me those letters. My clerk shall make copies of them if you like, and return you the original documents. I'll think the matter over, and, if I find it ripe enough, take counsel's opinion."

"I should like to see Miss Glenlyne—the lady in whose service Lucille's mother came to England," said Lucius. "Would there be any harm in my endeavoring to obtain an interview with her?"

"I think not. Old Miss Glenlyne hates the Spalding Glenlynes worse than she hates allopathy. They contrived to offend her in some unpardonable manner while they were courting her brother. She is at Brighton just now. If you would really like to call upon her, I shouldn't mind giving you a letter of introduction. She and I were always good friends."

"I'll go down to Brighton to-morrow, and take Lucille with me. She is wonderfully like that portrait of Félicie Dumarques, and it will be strange if Miss Glenlyne fails to see the likeness, unless age has darkened those that look out of the windows."

"Miss Glenlyne is as sharp as a needle—a wonderful old lady."

Mr. Pullman, who had now, as it were, taken Lucius under his wing, wrote a letter of introduction, stating Mr. Davoren's motive for seeking an interview, addressed his note to Miss Glenlyne, Selbrook-place, and handed it to his new client. And thus they parted, on excellent terms with each other, the lawyer promising to send a clerk to inspect the St. James's registries that afternoon, in quest of that particular entry which was in a manner the keystone of Lucille's case.

"Upon my word, I don't know why I should be fool enough to take up such a chimerical business," Mr. Pullman said to himself, half reproachfully, as he stood upon his hearth-rug, and enjoyed the genial warmth of his seacoal fire, after Lucius had left him.

But in his heart of hearts Mr. Pullman was pretty well aware that he took up Lucius and Lucille's case because he detested Joseph Spalding Glenlyne.

Lord Lytton has written an admirable chapter upon the value of Hate as a motive power, and it was assuredly Hate that prompted Mr. Pullman to undertake the championship of Lucille. Mr. Spalding Glenlyne had removed the Glenlyne estate from Mr. Pullman's office. The poetry of retribution would be achieved by the return of the estate to the office without the encumbrance of Spalding Glenlyne.

Mr. Pullman polished his spectacles with his oriental handkerchief, and sighed gently to himself as he thought what a nice thing that would be.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF ALL DELUSIONS.

Mr. Sivewright received the news of his son's death like a Roman; yet Lucius felt that beneath this semblance of stoicism there lurked keenest pain. With weak human nature's inconsistency the old man's memory now slid back to days long gone, before his son had become a scorpion—when the clever bright-faced child had seemed the one star of hope upon a joyless horizon.

"He was such a promising child," Homer Sivewright said to himself, as he sat by the hearth in the panelled parlor, absorbed in gloomy meditation, "and I hoped so much from him. How was it that he went astray? Was it innate wickedness, or his mother's evil teaching?"

One pang was spared him. He did not know that the son he had once so fondly loved had tried to sap the last dregs of his failing life by slow poison. He knew that Ferdinand was a baffled murderer, for he had seen the knife pointed at his own breast by that relentless hand. But he might extenuate even this deadly assault by supposing it to be unpremeditated—a sudden access of ungovernable rage. So he sat by his hearth, and brooded upon days so long vanished that it seemed almost as if they belonged to another life; as if the chief figure in those departed scenes—himself—had been a different person, and had died long ago, so utterly had he outgrown and passed away from the Homer Sivewright of that time. He thought with a new and keen regret of a period that had been sorely troubled, yet not without hope. His busy brain had been full of schemes of self-aggrandisement, the dullness of the present brightened by one perpetual day-dream, the vision of accumulated wealth, which he and his only son were to share. The boy's good looks and talent had promised success. He seemed born to conquer—to trample on the necks of life-gifted mankind. Delusive dreams—baseless calculations! Between that time and this lay the dark world of memory, peopled with the phantoms of dead hopes.

The old man sighed at the thought that he had outlived the possibility of hope. He was too old to look forward, except beyond the grave; and his eyes, so keen for the business of this world, were yet too dull to pierce the mists that veil Death's fatal river, and reach the shore that lies upon the other side. What hold had he now upon the things of this earth—toll and profit, and the strong wine of success? He, who had once been whole owner of the good ship *Life*, was now reduced to a sixty-fourth share in that gallant vessel. What recked it to him

where she drifted or against what rock she perished, now his interest in her was so small? To think of the future—that earthly future which alone presented itself to his too mundane mind—was to think of a time in which he must cease to be. He could not easily transfer his hopes to those who were to succeed him; those who might perchance reap the fruit of his unwearying toil. He thought of all the miles—the stony London miles—that he had walked in pursuit of his trade often with tired feet. He thought of that stern system of deprivation he had imposed on himself, till he had schooled his appetite to habitual self-denial, brought the demon sense into subjection so complete that it was as if he had been created without the longings of other men. How many a time had he passed through the savoury steam of some popular dining-place, while hunger gnawed his entrails! On how many a bitter day he had refused himself the modest portion of strong drink which might have comforted him after his weary wanderings! He had denied himself all the things that other men deem necessities—had denied himself with money in his pocket—and had amassed his collection. To-day he was unusually disposed to gloomy thought, and began even to doubt whether the collection was worth the life of deprivation it had cost him. He had been gradually recovering health and strength for some time, but with convalescence came a curiously depressed state of mind. He was not strong enough to go about his business—to potter about as of old amidst the chaos of his various treasures, to resume the compilation of an elaborate descriptive catalogue, at which he had been slowly working since his removal to Cedar House. Nor could he think of re-inspecting his miscellaneous possessions without a pang, lest, in doing so, he should find even greater loss than he was now aware of. So, powerless to seek consolation from a return to business and activity, he sat by his fireside in the gloomy October weather, and brooded over the past.

Lucille tended him as of old, with the same unvarying patience and affection.

"It is such a happiness to see you looking so much better, dear grandfather," she said, as she stood beside him while he ate his noontide mutton-chop, a simple fare which seemed particularly savoury after that diet of broths and jellies to which he had been kept so long.

"Looking better am I?" muttered Mr. Sivewright testily. "Then I wonder what kind of a spectre I looked when I was worse—Ugolino in a black velvet skull-cap, I suppose. I tried to shave myself this morning, and the face I saw in the glass was ghastly enough in all conscience. However, Lucius says I'm better, and you say I'm better; so I suppose I am better."

"Lucius thinks we might all go to the country for a little while for change of air," said Lucille, "that is to say, you and I, and Lucius would be with us part of the time—just for a day or two—it's so difficult for him to leave his patients. He says change of air would do you so much good."

"Does he indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Sivewright, with an ironical air; "and pray who is to take care of my collection if I leave it? It has been robbed enough as it is."

"But, dear grandfather," remonstrated Lucille, "is not your health of more consequence than those things, however valuable they may be?"

"No, child; for to gather those things together I sacrificed all that other men call ease. Am I to lose the fruit of a lifetime? It is hard enough to be robbed of one portion of it. Let me keep what remains. I shall have no more rest till I am able to go through my catalogue, and see how much I have lost."

"Could not I do that?"

"No, Lucille; no one knows the things properly except myself. Wincher knew a good deal, for I was weak enough to trust him fully. He knew what I paid for everything, and the value I set upon it. He was the only man I ever trusted after my son deceived me; and you see my reward. He took advantage of my helplessness to betray me."

Lucille gave a little choking sigh. She felt that the time had come for her to speak. That poor faithful old servant must no longer appear despicable in the eyes of the master he had served so well. She must make her confession to her grandfather as she had made it to Lucius.

"I wish Lucius were here to speak for me," she thought; and then ashamed of this moral cowardice, she knelt down beside Homer Sivewright's chair, and took his hand in hers timidly, hardly knowing how to begin.

"I am not angry with you, child," he said gently, interpreting that timid clinging touch as a remonstrance. "You have been true and faithful. But women are like dogs in the fidelity of their attachments. One hardly counts them when one considers the baseness of mankind."

"O grandfather, I have not been quite faithful. I meant to do what was right—only—I only I obeyed my heart, and wavered from the strict line of duty. It was my fault that you were robbed."

"Your fault? Nonsense, child! That poor little head of yours isn't right yet, or you would not talk so."

"It is the truth, grandpapa," said Lucille, and then told her story—told how the wanderer had pleaded, and how, touched by his houselessness and seeming destitution, she had admitted him in secret to the shelter of his father's roof.

The old man listened with sublime patience. Another evidence of how vile a thing was this dead son, whom he had mourned with that

strange unreasoning tenderness which death will awaken in the coldest hearts.

"Say no more, child," he said gently, when Lucille had pleaded for pardon almost as if the wrong done by Ferdinand Sivewright had been wholly hers. "You were foolish and loving, and pitied him and trusted him, although I had often warned you that he was of all men most unworthy of pity or trust. Don't cry, Lucille; I'm not angry with you. Perhaps I might have been persuaded to believe in him myself if he had pleaded long enough. That tongue of his was subtle as the serpent's. And so it was my son who robbed me! He crept into my house in secret, and used his first opportunity to plunder. He is dead; let us forget him. The tenderest mercy God and man could show him would be oblivion."

And from this hour Homer Sivewright spoke of his son no more.

CHAPTER VIII. AUNT GLENLYNE.

Once assured that there was no blot upon Lucille's parentage, Lucius had no longer any motive for withholding the result of his researches from her whom they most nearly concerned. He spent his evening at Cedar House, as usual, on the day of his interview with Mr. Pullman; and after tea, when Mr. Sivewright had retired, seized the opportunity to show Lucille the little packet of letters, and to relate his adventures at Rouen and in Paris. Lucille wept many tears as that story of the past was slowly unfolded to her—wept for the sorrows of the mother she vaguely remembered watching like a guardian angel beside her little bed.

"Dear mother! and to think that in your brief life there was so much sorrow!" she said mournfully.

Her father—as revealed to her by those letters, and by all that Lucius told her—seemed worldly and even cruel. He had suffered his young wife to fade and die in severance from all she loved. For the sake of what?—his uncle's fortune. He had acted a life rather than forego that worldly gain. O foolish dream of a father's love! From first to last it had been only a delusion for Lucille. She uttered no word of reproach against the dead. But she separated her mother's letters from the others in the little packet, and asked if she might keep them.

"These and the miniature are the only memorials of the mother I lost so soon," she said. "They are very precious to me."

"Keep them, dearest, but do not cultivate sad memories. Your life has been too long clouded; but, please God, there shall be less shadow than sunshine henceforward."

He told Lucille of his idea of taking her to Brighton in a day or two, to see Miss Glenlyne.

"The lady with whom my mother came to England," she said. "Yes, I should very much like to see any one who knew my mother."

"We will go the day after to-morrow, then, dear, if grandpapa will give us permission. We can come back to town the same evening, and Janet can go with us to play propriety, if you like."

"I should like that very much," said Lucille.

Mr. Sivewright was consulted when Lucius paid his visit next morning; and, on being told the circumstances of the case fully, was tolerably complaisant. He was still "grandpapa"—nobody had any idea of deposing him from the sway and masterdom that went along with that title.

"I suppose you must take her," he said reluctantly, "though the house seems miserable without her. Such a quiet little thing as she is too! I couldn't have believed her absence would make so much difference. But if you're going to establish her claim to a fine fortune, I suppose I shall soon lose her. Miss Glenlyne will be ashamed of the old bric-à-brac dealer."

"Ashamed of you, grandpapa," cried Lucille, "when you've taken care of me all these years, and educated me, and paid for everything I've ever had!"

"Taken care!" repeated Mr. Sivewright with a sigh. "I believe the care has been on the other side. You've brightened my home, little girl, and crept into my heart unawares, though I tried my hardest to keep it shut against you."

Lucille rewarded this unusual burst of tenderness with a kiss, to which the cynic submitted with assumed reluctance.

They went to Brighton by an early train next day, accompanied by Janet, who had consented to stay for a few days in her brother's unlovely abode, before going back to Flossie. That idolized damsel had been left to the care of the old nurse Sally, who guarded her as the apple of her eye.

It was pleasant weather for a hasty trip to Brighton. The rush and riot of excursion-trains had ended with the ending of summer. Lucius and his two companions left London—bridge terminus comfortably and quietly in a quick train with a carriage to themselves. The day was bright and sunny; the deepening tints of autumn beautified the peaceful landscape; the air blew fresh and strong across the downs as the train neared Brighton.

Janet sat in her corner of the carriage grave and somewhat silent, while the others talked in low confidential tones of the past and the future. Where love is firm hope is never absent, what shadow soever may obscure life's horizon. Lucius and Lucille, happy in each other's society forgot all the troubles and perplexities of the last few months. But Janet had not yet recovered from the shock of that meeting in the

hospital. She was still haunted by the last look of her husband's dying eyes.

They arrived at Brighton before noon, at too early an hour for a first visit to an elderly lady like Miss Glenlyne. So they walked up and down the Parade for an hour or so, looking at the sea and talking of all manner of things. Janet brightened a good deal during this walk, and seemed pleased to discuss her brother's future, though she studiously avoided any allusion to her own.

"You must not go and bury yourself at Stillington again, Janet; must she, Lucille?" Lucius said by and by. "The place is nice enough—much nicer than London, I daresay; but we want you to be near us."

"Shall I come back to London?" asked Janet. "I daresay I could get some teaching in town. The publishers would recommend me. Yes, it would be nice to be near you, Lucius, to play our old concertante duets again. It would seem like the dear old days when—" She could not finish the sentence. The thought of the father and mother whose death had perhaps been hastened by her folly was too bitter. Happily for her own peace Janet never knew how deep the wounds she had inflicted on those faithful hearts. She knew that they were lost to her—that she had not been by to ask a blessing from those dying lips. But the full measure of her guilt she knew not.

"Yes, Janet, you must settle in London. I shall move to the West-end very soon. I feel myself strong enough to create a practice, if I cannot afford to buy one. And then we can see each other constantly."

"I will come, then," answered Janet quietly. She seemed to have no thought of any other future than that which her own industry was to provide for her.

They left the sea soon after this, and took a light luncheon of tea and cakes at a confectioner's in the Western-road, prior to descending upon Selbrook-place, to find the abode of Miss Glenlyne. Janet was to sit upon the Parade, or walk about and amuse herself as she liked, while Lucius and Lucille were with Miss Glenlyne, and they were to meet afterwards at a certain seat by the lawn. It was just possible, of course, that there might be some disappointment—that Miss Glenlyne, elderly and invalided though she was, might be out, or that she might refuse to see them in spite of Mr. Pullman's letter.

"But I don't feel as if we were going to be disappointed," said Lucius; "I have a notion that we shall succeed."

They left Janet to her own devices, and went arm-in-arm to Selbrook-place. It was an eminently quiet place, consisting of two rows of modern houses, stuccoed, pseudo-classical, and commonplace, with an ornamental garden between them. The garden was narrow, and the shady side of Selbrook-place was very shady. No intrusive fly or vehemently driven cart could violate the aristocratic seclusion of Selbrook-place. The houses were accessible only in the rear. They turned their backs, as it were, upon the vulgar commerce of life, and in a manner ignored it. That garden, where few flowers flourished, was common to the occupants of Selbrook-place, but shut against the outer world. The inhabitants could descend from their French windows to that sacred parterre, but to the outer world those French windows were impenetrable.

Thus it came to pass that Selbrook-place was for the most part affected by elderly ladies, maiden or widowed, without encumbrance, by spinster sisters of doubtful age, by gouty old gentlemen who over-ate themselves and over-drunk themselves in the respectable seclusion of dining-rooms, unexposed to the vulgar gaze. There was much talk about eating and drinking, servants, and wills, in Selbrook-place. Every inhabitant of those six-and-twenty respectable houses knew all about his or her neighbours' intentions as to the ultimate disposal of their property. That property question was an inexhaustible subject of conversation. Every one in Selbrook-place seemed amply provided with the goods of this world, and those who lived in the profoundest solitude and spent least money were reputed the richest. Miss Glenlyne was one of these. She never gave a dinner or a cup of tea to neighbor or friend; she wore shabby garments, and went out in a hired bath-chair, attended by a confidential maid or companion, who was just a shade shabbier than herself. The gradation was almost imperceptible, for the maid wore out the mistress's clothes—clothes that had not been new within the memory of any one in Selbrook-place. Miss Glenlyne had brought a voluminous wardrobe to Brighton twenty years ago, and appeared to have been gradually wearing out that handsome supply of garments, so little concession did she make to the mutations of taste.

A maid-servant opened the door—a maid-servant attired with scrupulous neatness in the lavender cotton gown and frilled muslin cap which have become traditional. To this maid Lucius gave Mr. Pullman's letter and his own card, saying that he would wait to know if Miss Glenlyne would be so good as to see him.

The maid looked embarrassed, evidently thoughtful of the spoons, which doubtless lurked somewhere in the dim religious light of a small pantry, at the end of the passage. After a moment's hesitation she rang a call-bell, and kept her eye on Lucius and Lucille until the summons was answered.

It was answered quickly by an elderly person in a black silk gown, in which time had developed a mellow green tinge and to which friction had given a fine gloss. This person, who

wore a bugled black lace cap, rather on one side, was Miss Spilling, once Miss Glenlyne's maid, now elevated to a middle station, half servant, half companion—servant to be ordered about, companion to sympathise.

"I have a letter of introduction to Miss Glenlyne, from Mr. Pullman of Lincoln's inn," said Lucius.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Spilling; "Mr. Pullman ought to know that Miss Glenlyne objects to receive any one, above all a stranger. She is a great invalid. Mr. Pullman ought to know better than to give letters of introduction without Miss Glenlyne's permission."

"The matter is one of importance," said Lucius, "or I should not have troubled Miss Glenlyne."

Miss Spilling surveyed him doubtfully from head to foot. He wore good clothes certainly, and looked like a gentleman. But then appearances are deceptive. He might be a genteel beggar after all. There are so many vicarious beggars, people who beg for other people, for new churches, and missions, and schools; people who seem to beg for the sake of begging. And Miss Glenlyne, though she subscribed handsomely to a certain number of orthodox old-established charities, hated to be pestered on behalf of novel schemes for the benefit of her fellow creatures.

"If it's anything connected with ritualism," said Miss Spilling, "it isn't the least use for me to take your letter up to Miss Glenlyne. Her principles are strictly evangelical."

"My business has nothing to do with ritualism. Pray let Miss Glenlyne read the letter."

Miss Spilling sighed doubtfully, looked at the maid as much as to say, "Keep your eye on these people," and went up-stairs with the letter, leaving Lucius and Lucille standing in the hall.

She returned in about ten minutes with a surprised air, and requested them to walk up to the drawing-room.

They followed her to the first floor, where she ushered them into a room crowded with much unnecessary furniture, darkened by voluminous curtains, and heated like the palm-house in Kew Gardens. Lucius felt a sense of oppression directly he entered the apartment. The windows were all shut, a bright fire burned in a shining steel grate, which reflected its glow, and a curious Indian perfume filled the room. In a capacious chair by the fire reclined a little old lady, wrapped in an Indian shawl of dingy hues, a little old lady whose elaborate blonde cap was almost as big as all the rest of her person. Her slender hands, on whose waxen skin the blue veins stood out prominently, were embellished with valuable old diamond rings in silver setting, and an ancient diamond brooch in the shape of a feather clasped the shawl across her shrunken shoulders.

This old lady was Miss Glenlyne. She raised her eye-glass with tremulous fingers, and surveyed her visitors with a somewhat parrot-like scrutiny. The contour of her aristocratic features was altogether of the parrot order.

"Come here," she said, addressing Lucille, with kindly command,—"come here, and sit by my side; and you, sir, pray what is the meaning of this curious story which Mr. Pullman tells me? Spilling, you can go, my dear."

Miss Spilling had lingered, anxious to know all about these strangers. Every day made Miss Spilling more and more solicitous upon the all-important question of Miss Glenlyne's will. She had reason to suppose that her interests were cared for in that document. But advancing age did not increase Miss Glenlyne's wisdom. Some base intruder, arriving late upon the scene, might undo the slow work of years, and thrust himself between Miss Glenlyne's legitimate heirs and their heritage. Just as a horse which has been kept well in hand in the early part of the race comes in with a rush as winner at the finish. In the presence of these unknown intruders Miss Spilling scented danger.

She ignored her mistress's behest, and came over to the easy-chair, moved a little table near it, picked up a fallen newspaper, and hovered over Miss Glenlyne with tenderest solicitude.

"It's just upon the time for your chicken broth," she said.

"My chicken broth can wait until I require it," replied Miss Glenlyne curtly. "You can go, my dear; I want a little private talk with this lady and gentleman."

Miss Spilling retired meekly, but troubled of heart. There is nothing easier than to alter a will. Yet Miss Spilling felt it was wisest to obey. Surely the patient service of years was not to be set at naught for some new fancy. But age is apt to be capricious, fickle even, and Miss Spilling was not blind to the fact that there were seasons when Miss Glenlyne considered her a bore.

"You are not so amusing as you were fifteen years ago, Spilling," Miss Glenlyne would sometimes remark candidly; and Miss Spilling could but admit that fifteen years of a solitude scarcely less profound than the loneliness of a Carthusian monastery had not tended to enliven her spirits. She had come to Miss Glenlyne charged with all the gossip picked up in a half a dozen previous situations, and little by little she had exhausted her fund of frivolity and slander, and told her servants'-hall stories till they were threadbare.

Who could be sure that Miss Glenlyne would not be beguiled by some new favorite, even at the very end of her career? Sedulously had Miss Spilling striven to guard against this ever-present peril by keeping poor relations, old friends, and strangers alike at bay. But to-day she felt herself worsted, and retired to her own

apartment depressed and apprehensive. If the folding-doors had been closed she might have gone into the back drawing-room and listened; but the folding-doors were open. Miss Glenlyne liked a palm-house atmosphere, but she liked space for an occasional constitutional promenade, so the back drawing-room was never shut off. Miss Spilling lingered a little by the landing door, but heard only indistinct murmurs, and feared to loiter long, lest she should be caught in the act by the parlour-maid Susan who was fleet of foot.

"This is a very curious story," said Miss Glenlyne, when the door had closed upon her companion; "I hardly know how to believe it. A marriage between my nephew Henry and Félicie Dumarques! It seems hardly credible."

"The record in the parish register proves it to be a fact nevertheless," said Lucius quietly. "So Mr. Pullman tells me. Félicie left me to go to Rouen, she said, summoned home by illness in her family. And now it seems she stole away to marry my nephew. She must have been an artful treacherous girl."

Lucille rose hastily from her seat near Miss Glenlyne. "You forget, Miss Glenlyne, that she was my mother," she said firmly; "I cannot stay to hear her contemned."

"Nonsense, child," cried the old lady, not unkindly; "sit down. The truth must be told even if she was your mother. She treated me very badly. I was so fond of that girl. She was the only person I ever had about me who suited me thoroughly. She would have been amply provided for after my death if she had stayed and been faithful to me. I never treated her as a servant, or thought of her as a servant; indeed it would have been difficult for any one to do so, for she had the manners and instincts of a lady. Yet she deceived me, and left me with a lie."

"Love is a powerful influence," said Lucille softly; "she was persuaded to that wrong act by one she fondly loved, one for whom she willingly sacrificed her own happiness, and who rewarded her at the last by desertion."

"My nephew was always selfish," said Miss Glenlyne; "he was brought up by a foolish mother, who taught him to count upon inheriting his uncle's money, and never taught him higher duty than to seek his own pleasure, so far as he could gratify himself without offending his uncle. She taught him to flatter and tell lies before he could speak plain. He was not altogether bad, and might have been a much better man if he had been differently trained. Well, well, I daresay he was most to blame throughout the business. I'll say no more against poor Félicie; only it was not kind of her to leave an invalid mistress who had shown her a good deal of affection."

"Whatever error she committed she suffered deeply for it," said Lucille. "The sin was chiefly another's, but the sorrow was all hers."

"Ah, my dear, that's the usual distribution between a man and a woman," replied Miss Glenlyne, considerably softened by this time.

She turned and scrutinised Lucille's candid countenance—took the pale interesting face between her hands and held it near her.

"Yes," she said at last, "you have Félicie's eyes and Félicie's mouth. I can readily believe that you are her daughter. And pray, Mr. Davoren, what is your interest in this young lady?"

"We are engaged to be married," answered Lucius.

"Indeed! Not in an underhand way, I hope, like Félicie and my nephew, who must have been making love by some secret code before my very face, when I hadn't a suspicion of any such thing."

"We are engaged with the full consent of Lucille's adopted father—her only friend," answered Lucius.

"I am glad of that. And what put it into your head to come to me?"

"Because I thought you might be able to assist Lucille in establishing her claim to any heritage to which she may be entitled."

"If she is the legitimate and only child of Henry Glenlyne, she is entitled to a very fine estate, which is now enjoyed by a man my brother never intended to benefit by it. He was doatingly fond of his brother's son Henry; and although the young man disappointed him in many things, that love was never seriously diminished. He left Henry the bulk of his fortune, with reversion to any child or children that might be born to him. He knew that I had an income more than enough for my wants, so he left almost all to his nephew. Spalding Glenlyne's name was put in at the suggestion of Mr. Pullman, but it was never supposed that he would inherit the estate."

Once set going, Miss Glenlyne was quite willing to relate all she could remember about her brother Reginald, her nephew Henry, and Félicie Dumarques. She spoke of the Spalding Glenlynes with rancour, and declared her readiness to assist Lucille, so far as lay in her power, in the assertion of her claim to the Glenlyne estate, which consisted of various lands and tenements in Norfolk, and though yielding the usual low rate of interest, produced between three and four thousand a year.

Before taking her chicken-broth, Miss Glenlyne ordered an impromptu dinner of mutton-chops to be prepared for her visitors, and, when Lucius mentioned his sister Janet as a reason for declining this proffered hospitality, insisted that he should go instantly and fetch that young lady. Lucius dutifully obeyed, and while he was gone Miss Glenlyne opened her heart more and more to Lucille, moved by the recollection of that gentle girl who had ministered to her frivolous and innumerable wants with such unwearying solicitude.

"It makes me feel twenty years younger to have you with me," said the old lady. "I like young faces and pretty looks and gentle manners. Spilling, my maid, whom you saw just now, is good and devoted, but she is elderly and uncultivated and not pleasant to look at. She knows I like quiet, of course, at my age and with my weak health. I have had bad health all my life, my dear; quiet is essential. But Spilling is over-anxious on this point, and keeps every one away from me. I am shut up in this drawing-room like a jewel that is kept in cotton-wool and never taken out to be worn. Spilling is extremely attentive—never lets my fire get low, or forgets the correct time for my beef-tea and chicken-broth. But I feel the solitude depressing sometimes. A little youthful society, a little music, would be quite cheering. You play and sing now, I daresay?"

"Very little, though I am fond of music," answered Lucille; "but Janet, Mr. Davoren's sister, sings beautifully."

"I should like to hear her. Félicie used to sing to me of an evening, while I sat in the dusk to save my poor eyes, such pretty simple French chansons. How I wish you could come here and stay with me!"

"You are very kind to think of it, Miss Glenlyne," answered Lucille, thinking what a curious life it would be with this old lady, who seemed half a century older than the energetic unconquerable Homer Sivewright, "but I'm afraid I couldn't leave my grandfather."

"Your grandfather?"

"He is not really my grandfather, though I believed that he was till very lately; but he has been good to me and brought me up. I owe him everything."

Miss Glenlyne questioned Lucille a good deal about her past life, its early years and so on, and seemed warmly interested. She was not an old lady who poured out her spare affections upon more or less deserving members of the animal kingdom, and she had been of late years almost cut off from communion with humanity. Her heart opened unawares to receive Lucille.

"If you are my nephew's daughter, it stands to reason that I am your great-aunt," she said; "and I shall expect you to pay me some duty. You must come to stay with me as soon as this adopted grandfather is well enough to do without you."

"Dear Miss Glenlyne, I shall be most happy to come. I am more glad than I can tell you to find some one who is really related to me."

"Don't call me Miss Glenlyne, then, but Aunt Glenlyne," said the old lady authoritatively.

Miss Spilling felt as if she could have fallen to the ground in a swoon when she came into the drawing-room five minutes afterwards and heard the strange young person call her mistress "Aunt Glenlyne."

"How you stare, Spilling!" cried the old lady. "This young lady is my grandniece, Miss Lucille Glenlyne."

After this Spilling stared with an almost apoplectic intensity of gaze.

"Lor, Miss Glenlyne, that must be one of your jokes," she exclaimed. "You wouldn't call one of the Spalding Glenlynes your niece, and I know you've no other."

"I never make a joke," answered her mistress with dignity; "and I beg that you will show Miss Lucille Glenlyne all possible respect, now, and on every other occasion. I have ordered a hurried dinner to be prepared for Miss Lucille and her friends, who, I am sorry to say, have to return to London this evening. They will dine in the back drawing-room, so that I may take my own simple meal with them."

Miss Spilling felt as if the universe had suddenly begun to crumble around her. Her hold upon that sense of identity which sustains mankind amidst the mysteries of an unexplainable world seemed to waver. Dinner ordered and without prior consultation with her—a new era of waste and rioting set in while her back was turned! She fumbled in an ancient beaded reticule, produced a green glass bottle of weak salts, and sniffed vehemently.

"Sit down, and be quiet, Spilling," said Miss Glenlyne. "I daresay you and my niece will get on very well together. And her arrival won't make any difference in what I intended to do for you."

"What I intended to do," sounded vague. Miss Spilling had hoped the intention was long ago set down in black and white—made as much a fact as it could be before Miss Glenlyne's decease. She gave another sniff at her salts-bottle, and sat down, meek but not hopeful. This liking for youthful faces was one of her employer's weaknesses, against which she had brought to bear all the art she knew. For fifteen years she had contrived to keep pleasant people and youthful faces for the most part outside any house occupied by Miss Glenlyne. That lady had descended the vale of years in company with pilgrims almost as travel-worn and as near the end of the journey as herself: no reflected light from the countenances of younger travellers had been permitted to shine upon her. Kensal-green and Doctors'-common—all images that symbolise approaching death—had been kept rigorously before her. Youth had been represented to her as the period of deceit and ingratitude. If any young person, by some fortuitous means, did ever penetrate her seclusion, Miss Spilling immediately discovered that young person to be a viper in disguise—a reptile which would warm itself at Miss Glenlyne's hearth, only to sting its benefactress. And Miss Glenlyne, always uncomfortably conscious that she had money to bequeath, and that humanity is sometimes mercenary, had discarded one acquaintance after another, at the counsel of Miss Spilling, until she found herself in extreme old age with no

companionship save the somewhat doleful society of her counsellor.

It was wonderful how brisk and light the old lady became in her niece's company. She made Lucille sit next her, and patted the girl's hand with her withered fingers, on which the rings rattled loosely, and asked her all manner of questions about her childhood and her school-days, her accomplishments, her vague memory of mother and father.

"I've a portrait of your father in the dining-room," she said; "you shall go down and look at it by and by."

Lucius returned with Janet, whom Miss Glenlyne welcomed with much cordiality, evidently struck by the beauty of that noble face which had beguiled Geoffrey Hossack into that not-uncommon folly called love at first sight. The little dinner in the back drawing-room was a most cheerful banquet, in spite of Miss Spilling, who presided grimly over the dish of chops, and looked the daggers which she dared not use. Miss Glenlyne even called for a bottle of champagne, whereupon Miss Spilling reluctantly withdrew to fetch that wine from the cellar in the dining-room. Unwelcome as was the task, she was glad of the opportunity to retire, that she might vent her grief and indignation in series of sniffs, groans and snorts, which seemed to afford her burdened spirit some relief.

After dinner Miss Glenlyne asked Janet to sing, and they all sat in the firelight listening to those old Italian airs which seem so full of the memory of youth; and warmed by these familiar melodies—rich and strong as old wine—Miss Glenlyne discoursed of her girlhood and the singers she had heard at His Majesty's Theatre.

"I have heard Pasta, my dear, and Catalini, and I remember Malibran's *début*. Ah, those were grand days for opera! You have no such singers nowadays," said Miss Glenlyne, with the placid conviction which is sustained by ignorance.

"You ought to hear some of our modern singers, Miss Glenlyne," replied Lucius; "all the great people come to Brighton to sing nowadays."

"I never go out except for an hour in my bathchair, and I am sure you have no one like Pasta. Your sister has a lovely voice, Mr. Davoren, and a charming style, quite the old school. She reminds me of Kitty Stephens. But as to your having any opera-singer like those I heard in my youth, I can't believe it."

When the time drew near for her guests to depart, Miss Glenlyne grew quite melancholy. "You have cheered me up so, my dear," she said to Lucille. "I can't bear to lose you so quickly. I never took such a fancy to any one—since I lost your mother," she added in a whisper.

"Lor, Miss Glenlyne," exclaimed Miss Spilling, unable to command her indignation "you're always taking fancies to people."

"And you're always trying to set me against them," answered her mistress; "but this young lady is my own flesh and blood—I'm not going to be turned against her."

"I'm sure I've always spoken from a sense of duty, Miss Glenlyne."

"I suppose you have. But it is your duty to respect my niece. I am an old woman, Mr. Davoren, and I don't often ask favours," continued Miss Glenlyne, appealing to Lucius. "I think you ought to indulge my fancy, if you can possibly do so without injury to any one else."

"What is your fancy, Miss Glenlyne?"

"I want Lucille to stay with me a little while—till we have learnt to know each other quite well. I am the only near relation she has, and my time cannot be very long now. If she doesn't gratify her old aunt on this occasion, she may never have the opportunity again. Who can tell how soon I may be called away?"

This from one who was between seventy and eighty was a forcible appeal. Lucius looked at Lucille with an interrogative glance.

"I should like very much to stay," said Lucille, answering the mute question, "if you think grandpapa would not be offended or inconvenienced."

"I think I could explain everything to Mr. Sivewright, and that he could hardly object to your stopping here for a few days," replied Lucius.

"Then she shall stay!" exclaimed Miss Glenlyne, delighted. "Spilling, tell Mary to get a room ready for Miss Lucille—the room opening out of mine."

Spilling, with a visage gloomy as Cassandra's, retired to obey. It was nearly the time for Janet and Lucius to depart, in order to catch a convenient train for their return. Lucille wrote a little note to Mrs. Milderson, asking for a small portmanteau of necessities to be sent to her; and then with a tender hand-pressure, and a kiss on the landing outside the drawing-room, the lovers parted for a little while, and Lucille was left alone with her great-aunt. It was a strangely sudden business, yet there was something in the old lady's clinging affectionateness that attached the girl to her already. She seemed like some one who had long pined for some creature to love, and who had found her desire in Lucille.

Miss Spilling retired to the housekeeper's room—a snug little apartment in the basement—and sat with her feet on the fender, consuming buttered toast and strong tea, and talking over this new state of affairs with the cook, while Lucille and Miss Glenlyne had the drawing-room all to themselves.

"Do you really believe as how she is missus's niece?" asked the cook, when she had heard Miss Spilling's recital.

"No more than you are, Martha," answered the indignant Spilling. "Only she's more artful

than the common run of impostors, and she's backed up by that letter of Mr. Pullman's. We all know what lawyers are, and that they'll swear to anything."

"But what would Mr. Pullman gain by it, miss?"

"Who knows? That's his secret. There's some plot hatching between 'em all, and Mr. Pullman lends himself to it, and wants Miss Glenlyne to leave her money to this young woman—and he's to get half of it, I daresay."

"Ah," said cook sentimentally, "it's a wicked world!"

And then Miss Spilling and the cook began to talk of Miss Glenlyne's will—a subject which they had worn threadbare long ago, but to which they always returned with equal avidity.

CHAPTER IX.

GEOFFREY HAS THOUGHTS OF SHANGHAI.

Cheered and sustained by the hope of another happy afternoon with Janet in the little cottage parlour, Geoffrey Hossack made himself wonderfully agreeable to his cousins Belle and Jessie, and shot the game on his uncle's estate, and on the estates of his uncle's neighbours, with a good will. He was always popular, and in this part of Hampshire he was accepted as a product of the soil, and cherished accordingly. His father has been liked before him, and people expressed their regret that an alien trader should occupy the house where that gentleman had once dispensed what our ancestors were wont to call an elegant hospitality.

"O, I mean to marry, and turn out the sugar-broker some day," Geoffrey would reply in answer to these friendly speeches. Whereat Belle and Jessie would both blush, and look at each other, and then at the carpet. So bright a spot had that rustic tea-drinking made in the life of this infatuated gentleman, that the sunshine lingered after the event, and the mere memory of that one happy hour with Janet made life pleasant to him for a long time. Belle and Jessie noticed his high spirits, and each flattered herself with the idea that it was her society which gladdened him. And when they "talked him over," as they called it, at hair-brushing time, they in a manner congratulated each other upon his "niceness," just as if he were a kind of common property, and could marry both of them. He had still one tiresome trick, and that was a habit of rambling off for long solitary walks, in what the sisters considered a most unsocial spirit.

"It's about the only thing I can do on my own hook," this unpolite young man answered upon being remonstrated with. "If I go out shooting, you go too; if I go on the water, you pull a better stroke than I do; if I play bowls you play bowls. You don't smoke, but you are kind enough to come and sit with me in the smoking-room. So my only chance of doing a little thinking is a solitary walk. I suppose you don't pedestrianise. Twenty miles a day may be too much for you."

"O no, it wouldn't," replied these thoroughbred damsels. "We're going for a walking tour in the Isle of Wight next spring, if papa will take us. It seems absurd that two girls can't walk alone, but I suppose it might be thought odd if we went by ourselves."

Geoffrey uttered a faint groan, but spoke no word. He was counting the days that must elapse before he could pay a second visit to Foxley, without stretching the license Mrs. Bertram had accorded him. His lonely walks had taken him through Foxley more than once, and he had lingered a little on the village-green, and looked at the windows of old Sally's cottage, and had longed in vain for but a glimpse of the face he loved. Fortune did not favour these surreptitious pilgrimages. Just as he began to think that the time had come when he might pay his second visit, and demand that promised cup of orange pekoe, Lucius Davoren's letter reached him, and he learned that Janet's husband was alive and in England. The news was a death-blow to his hopes. The man alive whose death he had vowed for! Alive, and with as good a life as his own perhaps!

What would Janet think of him should she come to know this? What could she think, save that he had deliberately attempted to deceive her? His honest heart sank at the thought: that she might deem him guilty of such baseness.

What should he do? Go straightway to her, and tell her that he had been deceived; that if her marriage was indeed legal, his love was hopeless. Yes, he would do that. Anything would be better than to hazard being scorned by her. He would go to her, and tell her the bitter truth, so far as the one fact that her husband was alive. The details of the story—all that concerned the villain's supposed death in the American forest—must remain untold till he had Lucius's permission to reveal it.

He set off upon his lonely walk to Foxley with a heavy heart—a soul which the varied beauty of autumnal woods, the shifting lights and shadows upon the undulating stubble, could not gladden. His case had seemed hopeless enough a little while ago, so steadfast was Janet's determination to hear no word of a second marriage till she had convincing proof that Death had cancelled the first; but it seemed ever so much more hopeless now, after this assurance from Lucius that the man was alive. And as a mere basis for speculation, where ages are equal, one man's life is a good as another.

"I daresay that beggar's ten years' my senior," pondered Geoffrey as he strode along the rustic lanes, where ripening blackberries hung between him and the sharp clear air; "but for

all that I'll be bound he'll outlive me. If he hadn't more lives than a cat, he'd hardly have escaped Davoren's bullet, and the sharp tooth of Jack Frost into the bargain. I suppose he keeps Death at a distance by the awe-inspiring sounds of that fiddle, like Orpheus with his lyre."

Geoffrey had made up his mind to a desperate step. He would do that which must needs be as bitter as self-inflicted martyrdom. He would tell what he had to tell, and then take a lifelong leave of the woman he loved. Vain, worse than vain, the poor pretence of friendship where his heart was so deeply engaged. Platonism here would be the hollowest falsehood. With heart, soul, and mind he loved her, and for such love as his there was no second name. Better the swift and sudden death of all his joys than that his agonies should be protracted by such occasional meetings as Janet might be disposed to permit—meetings in which he must school his lips to the formal language of polite conversation, while his heart burned to pour out its wealth of passionate love.

Foxley wore its accustomed aspect of utter peacefulness. The same donkey, hampered as to the hind legs, grazed on the village-green; the happy geese who had escaped the sacrificial spit at fatal Michaelmas hissed their unfriendly salutation to the stranger. Nothing seemed changed, save that the late-lingering roses looked pale and pinched by the frosty breath of autumnal mornings; and even the dahlias had a weedy look, like fashionable beauties at the close of the London season.

Flossie was skipping in the little garden-path, with much exhibition of her scarlet stockings, which flashed gaily from the snow-white drapery of daintily-embroidered petticoats.

"Well, my little red-legged partridge," cried Geoffrey, "and where is mamma?"

"Mamma has gone to London," answered Flossie, with the callousness of childhood.

Geoffrey turned pale. He had come on purpose to be miserable—to utter words which must be sharp as Moorish javelins to pierce his own heart. Yet, not finding Janet, he felt as deeply disappointed as if his errand had been the happiest. And Flossie's calm announcement kindled a spark of jealousy in his breast. "To London, and why?" was his first question. "To London, and with whom?" was his second.

"A boy brought a nasty wicked letter, in a yellow envelope, from the railway-station," said Flossie, making a face expressive of supreme disgust; "and mamma went away directly. Poor mamma was so pale, and trembled as she put on her bonnet, and I cried when she went. But old Sally is ever so kind to me, and I'm happy now."

"Shallow, fickle child!" cried Geoffrey; "take me to old Sally."

Flossie conducted him through the pretty little parlour he remembered so well, across a tiny kitchen—neat as the kitchen of a doll's house and not much bigger—to the garden behind the cottage, where old Sally stood boldly out on a bit of high ground, cutting winter cabbages, and in a bonnet which she wore like a helmet.

She was not a little surprised and confused by the apparition of a tall young gentleman in her back garden; but on recovering her fluttered spirits, told Geoffrey what he so ardently desired to know.

"The telegraph was from Mr. Lucius," she said, "and Miss Janet was to go up to London by the first train that left Foxley-road station. I asked her if Mr. Lucius was ill, and she says No. 'But somebody is ill, Sarah,' she says, 'and I must go at once.' And she leaves all of a maze like, poor dear young lady! So I ups and runs to Mr. Hind, at the farm, and asks the loan of his wagonette and man; and the man drove Miss Janet and the other young lady off in time to catch the twelve-o'clock train."

"Some one ill," thought Geoffrey. "Who could that have been? I have heard her say she had no one in the world to care for except Flossie and her brother Lucius."

"Have you heard nothing since she left you?" he asked.

"Lor bless her dear heart, o' course I have!" answered the old woman, picking up her green-stuffs, which she had dropped in her embarrassment at Geoffrey's abrupt appearance. "I had a sweet letter telling me as she was going to stop a few days up in London with her brother. A nice change for her, poor dear!" added Sally, whose rustic idea of London was a scene of perpetual enchantment; "and telling me to take care of little missy; and I do take care of her, don't I, dear?" she said, looking benevolently down at Flossie, who was hanging affectionately to her apron; "and little missy and me are going to have a nice bit of biled bacon and greens and a apple dumpling for our dinner."

This was quite enough for Geoffrey. He immediately determined to follow Janet to London, see her under her brother's roof, and there hear from Lucius all that he could tell about Matchi or Vandeleur's reappearance. His friend's letter had told him so little. It would be some satisfaction to know what ground Lucius had for his belief that Matchi still lived.

"There is an up-train from Foxley-road station at one o'clock, you say?" he said, looking at his watch. It was now a quarter to twelve.

"Yes, sir,"

"And how far is the station from here?"

"About three miles."

"Good, I can walk that easily. I'm going to London to see mamma, Flossie. Have you any message for her?"

"Only that she is to come back directly, and give her fifty kisses."

"You must give me the kisses first."

Flossie obeyed, and counted her fifty kisses methodically in the region of Mr. Hossack's left whisker. This furnished, he set out again, directed by Sally, to walk to the Foxley-road station.

It was hardly a polite manner in which to depart from Hillersdon, but Geoffrey relied upon a telegram to set himself right with his uncle and cousins ere they should have time to be inconvenienced or offended by his departure. A telegram from London, stating that important business had summoned him there, would be ample explanation, he considered. And the leaving behind of his portmanteaus made little difference to him, since he always had a collection of clothes, boots, brushes, and other toilet implements, in his own particular room at the Cosmopolitan, neatly stowed away in drawers inaccessible to less-privileged patrons, of that house.

The train which called at Foxley-road was a farmers' train, stopped at every station, and performed the journey in a provokingly deliberate style. Not till it had passed Guildford did the engine hasten, and when Waterloo did at last loom upon his weary gaze, smoke-veiled and dingy, Mr. Hossack thought the journey one of the longest he had ever endured.

He only stopped long enough to write a plausible and explanatory telegram for the pacification of his cousin Belle before plunging into a hansom, whose charioteer he directed to the Shadrack-road. That cab-ride through the busiest thoroughfares of the City was also tedious; but as the streets and the atmosphere grew duller and smokier hope brightened, and he knew that he was nearing his goal. He was only going, as it were, in search of misery, yet he had a wild longing to see the dear face, even though it was to shine upon him for the last time.

The charioteer was tolerably quick of comprehension, and did not make above three false stoppages before he drew up opposite Lucius Davoren's gate, with the big brass plate which bore his name and titles. It was growing dusk by this time, so long had been the journey, and the comfortable gleam of firelight shone through the parlour-window. That genial glow seemed to betoken occupation. She was there most likely. Geoffrey's heart beat strong and fast.

An old woman with a clean white cap—Mrs. Wincher vice Mrs. Babb dismissed—opened the door. Was Mr. Davoren at home? Yes. Was anybody with him? Yes, Mrs. Bertram, his sister. Geoffrey dashed back to the cab, blindly thrust some loose silver into the cabman's hand, and dismissed him elated, with at least double his fare, and then, this duty done, he walked into the parlour.

The room looked curiously changed since he had seen it last. The furniture was the same, no doubt; the same dull red-and-brown paper lined the narrow walls; yet everything had a brighter look—a look that was even homelike. A fire burned cheerily in the small grate, a tea-tray stood ready on the table; Lucius sat on one side of the hearth, Janet on the other. She wore a black dress, against whose dense hue her complexion showed pure as marble. They both looked up, somewhat startled by the opening of the door—still more startled when they recognised the intruder. Lucius had a guilty feeling. In the excitement of the last fortnight he had forgotten all about Geoffrey.

"Dear old Geoff!" he exclaimed, speedily recovering from that sense of guilt. "How good of you to turn up in such an unexpected way! Where have you come from?"

"Hillersdon—Foxley-road, that is to say. I called at Foxley this morning, Mrs. Bertram, and not finding you, ventured to come on here."

Janet blushed, but answered not a word.

"You've just come from Foxley?" cried Lucius; "there never was such a fellow for tearing up and down the earth, except that person who must be nameless. You haven't dined, of course? You shall have some chops. Ring the bell, Janet; that one on your side of the fire does ring, if you give the handle a good jerk. Dear old Geoff; it is so good of you to come, and I've so much to tell you."

"Yes," answered Geoffrey with a gloomy look, "I got your letter. It was that which brought me here."

"Wonderful things have happened since I wrote that letter, Geoff. But let me see about your dinner, and we'll talk seriously afterwards."

Geoffrey made no objection. He sat in a shadowy corner, silent, stealing a look at the face he loved every now and then, and very despondent in spirit. He was with her once more, and now began to ask himself how he could ever bid her that lifelong farewell he had thought of. No, he could never so sacrifice his own fondest desires. If it were but a crumb she could give him, he would take that crumb and be passably content. He would be like Dives in the place of torment, and if he could not have that nectar-draught for which his soul languished, he would ask for but one drop of water. He would not be self-banished from the light; better even that he should be consumed—annihilated—by its too vivid glory.

These were his thoughts while Lucius, provokingly practical, was giving orders for chops and rashers and poached eggs to Mrs. Wincher, who had made a complete transformation in her personal appearance to do honor to her new situation, and now wore a white cap and a clean linen apron, in place of the crumpled black

bonnet and sage-green half-shawl which had been her distinguishing marks in Cedar House.

Jacob Wincher came in, while his good lady was cooking chops and rashers, and laid the cloth neatly, placing the tea-tray on one side of the table. He handled things as deftly as if he had been all his life languishing to be a butler, and only now found his right position in the world. To serve Lucius was a labor of love with both these people. He had wronged them, and generously atoned for the wrong he had done, and it seemed as if the wrong and the atonement had endeared him to them.

Janet made the tea, and at sight of her seated by the tea-tray Geoffrey's spirits in some measure revived. He relegated that question of life-long adieu to the regions of abstract thought. His countenance brightened. He gave Janet Flossie's message about the fifty kisses; at which the mother smiled and asked many eager questions about her darling.

"I am going back to my pet to-morrow," she said. "It is the first time we were ever parted and it has been a hard trial for me."

"Should I be impertinent if I asked why you came so suddenly to London?" Geoffrey inquired.

A pained look came into Janet's face. "I came upon a sorrowful errand," she answered; "Lucius can tell you about it by and by."

"You are in mourning for some one who has died lately," hazarded Geoffrey, with a glance at that black dress about which he had been puzzling himself considerably.

"I am in mourning for my husband, who died only a week ago," Janet answered quietly.

The blow was almost too sudden. Great joys are overwhelming as great sorrows. Geoffrey, the strong, manly, joyous-hearted Geoffrey, grew pale to the lips. He got up from his chair and gave a struggling gasp, as if striving for breath.

"Janet, is it true?" he asked, lest he should be the victim of some cruel deception.

"It is quite true, Mr. Hossack," she answered; the coldness of her tone rebuking the ardor of his. "My husband is dead. His death was as unhappy as his life was guilty. It pains me to remember either."

Geoffrey was silent. He scarcely dared open his lips lest his joy should gush forth in ill-considered words. He could not look sorry, or even sympathetic. As a last resource, in this conflict of emotions, he devoured a mutton-chop with no more sense of the operation of eating than if he had been a brazen idol whose jaws were worked by machinery.

That tea-party was curiously silent, though Lucius did now and then attempt to promote conversation by a somewhat feeble remark. Directly the meal was over, Geoffrey rose from the table, no longer able to support the intensity of his own feelings, and bursting with impatience to question his friend.

"Let's go outside and have a smoke, Lucius," he said; "that is to say, if Mrs. Bertram will excuse us," he added with a deprecating look at Janet.

"Pray do not consider me," she answered. "I am going to my room to pack my portmanteau for to-morrow. You can smoke here, if you like. I have become accustomed to the smell of tobacco since I have been staying with Lucius."

"Poor Janet. I've been rather too bad; but it's such a treat to have you sitting opposite me while I smoke."

She smiled at her brother, the first smile Geoffrey had seen on that pale serious face, and left them. Privileged by her permission, they drew their chairs to the fender. Lucius filled his favorite pipe, and Geoffrey drew a cigar from a well-supplied case.

"For heaven's sake tell me all about it," said Geoffrey, directly Jacob Wincher had retired, staggering a little under the burden of the tea-tray. "Thank God she is free! She is free, and I may hope! I didn't like to be too grateful to Providence in her presence. A woman's tender heart will lament even a scoundrel when the grave comes upon him. Tell me everything, Lucius; but first tell me why you did not write me word of this man's death. You wrote fast enough to tell me he was alive; why not write to announce the blessed fact of his departure?"

"For the simple reason that I forgot the necessity for such a letter. Janet's husband died only ten days ago, and his death involved me in a good deal of business. There was the inquest, and then came the funeral. Yesterday I had to go down to Brighton, to-day I had an interview with a lawyer."

"An inquest!" exclaimed Geoffrey. "Then that fellow came to a violent end after all."

"A violent and a strange end," answered his friend, and then proceeded to narrate the circumstances of Ferdinand Sivewright's death, and to acquaint Geoffrey with the link which had bound Lucille to his sister's husband. Geoffrey listened with patient attention. The main fact that this man was dead, and Janet free to marry whomsoever she pleased, was all-sufficient for his contentment. The serenity of disposition which had made him so pleasant a companion in days of hardship and trial once more asserted itself. Geoffrey Hossack was himself again.

"Do you think there's any hope for me?" he asked, when Lucius had told all he had to tell.

"Hope of what?"

"That Janet will reward my devotion?"

"In due time, I daresay, such a thing may be possible," answered Lucius, with provoking deliberation; "but you had better refrain from any allusion to such hopes for some time to come."

"How long now? What's the fashionable period of mourning for a young widow whose husband was a scoundrel? Six weeks, is it? or three months? And does society demand as long a period of mourning for its scoundrels as for its most estimable men?"

"If it were not so near winter, Geoffrey, I should recommend you to do a few months in Norway; or, as you are so near the docks, why not take a run to Shanghai in one of those splendid China steamers—three hundred and fifty feet from stem to stern? You might by that means escape the winter; or, if you don't care about Shanghai, you can stop at Port Said, and do a little of Egypt."

"I've done the Pyramids and Pompey's Pillar, and all that kind of thing," answered Geoffrey with a wry face. "Do the laws of society demand my departure?"

"I think it would be better for you to be away for six months or so, dear old fellow," answered Lucius kindly. "You are such an impetuous spoiled child of fortune, and I know you will be fretting and fuming, and perhaps injuring your cause with Janet by too hasty a wooing. She is a woman of deep feeling. Give her time to recover from the shock of Sivewright's death; and be sure that I will guard your interests in the mean time. No other than Geoffrey Hossack shall ever call me brother."

"It's very good of you to say that," replied Geoffrey gratefully. "But you may be promising too much. Suppose some confoundedly agreeable fellow were to make up to your sister while I was at Shanghai, and the first thing I saw when I came back to England, in the *Times*, were the announcement of her marriage?"

"If that were possible, she would not be worthy of you, and you'd be better off without her," replied Lucius.

"Perhaps. But I'd rather have her, even if she were capable of doing that, so long as she hadn't done it."

"There you get metaphysical, and I can barely follow you. But I'll stake my own chances of happiness upon Janet's constancy, even though no pledge has ever passed between you. I'll go so far as to postpone my own marriage for the next six months, so that you may be married on the same day, if you like."

"There seems something like assurance in such an offer as that," answered Geoffrey, "but I won't fetter you. I shouldn't like to be a stumbling-block in the way of your happiness. I'll go straight to Shanghai. I think you're right; I should fret and fume, and perhaps annoy Janet with my obnoxious presence if I were to remain within reach of her, walk up and down under her windows, and make myself otherwise objectionable. I'd better go to Shanghai. Yet it is hard to leave her without one word of hope from her own dear lips. You'll let me say good-bye, Lucius?"

"Neither Janet nor I could very well refuse you so slight a boon."

Janet reentered just as this discussion finished. The pale calm face had a tranquillising effect upon Geoffrey's excited nerves. He had been pacing the room in a distracted manner, hardly able to smoke; but at sight of Janet he flung his cigar into the fender, and became a reasonable being.

They talked a little, quietly, of indifferent things, and a good deal about Flossie, an ever-delightful subject to the fond mother; and then Geoffrey, feeling that it was growing late and that duty demanded self-sacrifice, rose and said something about going away. Happily there came a reprieve in the shape of an offer of brandy-and-soda from Lucius, who rang the bell for his ancient seneschal; so Geoffrey lingered just a little longer and took heart of grace to tell Janet his intention of a speedy voyage eastward.

"Lucius seems to think I oughtn't to idle about London all the winter," he said, "and suggests a trip to China—a mere bagatelle—fifty days out and fifty days home, and a week or so to look about one while the steamer coals, and so forth. Yet it makes a hole in a year, and it is sad to leave one's friends even for so short a time."

"Are you really going to China?" asked Janet, opening those splendid eyes of hers in calmest astonishment.

Geoffrey wavered immediately.

"Well, Lucius advises me, you see," he replied irresolutely; "but I don't know that I care much about China. And as to going about in steamers just because steamers can give you all the comforts you can get at home, why not stay at home at once and enjoy the comforts without the steamer? And as to China—it sounds interesting in the abstract; but really, on second thoughts, I can't perceive any gratification in visiting a country in which men have pig tails and women crumpled feet. One is brought up with a vague idea of the China Wall and Crim Tartary, which, as one grows to manhood, gives place to another vague idea of the Caucasus, and the river Amoor, and Russian aggression, and some vast uncomfortable territory lying between Russia and India, just as Bloomsbury lies between the West-end and the City, and I daresay almost as impassable. No, I really don't see why I should go to Shanghai—I beg your pardon—Honghai," faltered Geoffrey,

brightening at Janet's kindly smile; "I think a little hunting at Stillmington would do me more good."

"Stop at home, then, Geoff," said Lucius, laughing at his faithful comrade, "and have your season in the shires. Janet shall stay and keep house for me till I marry."

"What! is Mrs. Bertram going to stop with you?"

"For a little while," answered Janet; "I don't think this part of town would do for Flossie very long; but I am going to fetch her tomorrow, and she and I are to keep house for Lucius for a month or two."

"And then we are all going to migrate to the West-end together," said Lucius.

Geoffrey sighed and looked miserable. "How pleasantly you lay your plans!" he said; "and I stand quite alone in the world and belong to nobody. I think I shall go down to the docks to-morrow morning and pick my berth on board a China steamer."

"Don't," said Janet gently. "Go to Stillmington and enjoy yourself hunting those unhappy foxes; and then, since you are always restless, you can come up to town sometimes and give us an account of your sport."

This permission exalted Geoffrey to the seventh circle in the lover's paradise. It seemed to him like a promise.

CHAPTER X.

LUCIUS SURRENDERS A DOUBTFUL CHANCE.

Lucius saw Mr. Pullman next day, and told him of the impression Lucille had made on her great-aunt.

"Upon my word, sir, she's a very lucky young woman?" said the lawyer; "for Miss Glenlyne has a snug little fortune to dispose of, and has not a near relative to leave it to; for the Spalding Glenlynes are only third or fourth cousins, and she detests them. Mr. Davoren, do you mean to put forward Miss Lucille Glenlyne's claim to the estate now in the possession of Mr. Spalding Glenlyne?"

"That will depend on various circumstances, Mr. Pullman," answered Lucius. "First and foremost, you think the case a weak one."

"Lamentably weak. You are able to prove the marriage;—granted. You may be able to prove the birth of a child; but how are you to identify the young lady you put forward with the child born at Sidmouth? How are you to supply the link which will unite the two ends of the chain?"

"Miss Glenlyne has acknowledged her niece." "Yes; but let Miss Glenlyne come forward to bear witness to her niece's identity, and she will be laughed at as a weak old woman—almost an idiot. The only person who could have sworn to the girl's identity was Ferdinand Sivewright. He is dead, and you did not even take his deposition to the facts within his knowledge. Even had you done so, such a document might have been useless; the man's notoriously bad character would have vitiated his testimony. Mr. Davoren, I regret to say your case is as weak as it well can be. It is a case which a speculative attorney might take up perhaps, hazarding his not too valuable time and trouble against the remote contingency of success; but no respectable firm would be troubled with such a business, unless you could guarantee their costs at the outset."

"I am not greedy for money, Mr. Pullman," replied Lucius, in no manner crestfallen at this disheartening opinion. "Were my case, or rather Lucille's case, the strongest, it would still be doubtful with me how far I should do battle for her interests. She has been acknowledged by her great-aunt as a Glenlyne—that is the chief point in my mind. The name so long lost to her has been restored, and she has found a relative whose kindness may in some measure atone for her father's cruelty. This Mr. Spalding Glenlyne acquired the estate by no wrong-doing of his own. It would be rather hard to oust him from it."

"If you had a leg to stand on, sir, I should be the last to let any consideration of Mr. Spalding Glenlyne's feeling restrain us from taking action in this matter."

"You don't like Mr. Glenlyne?"

"Frankly, I detest him."

"Is he a bad man?"

"No, Mr. Davoren; therein lies his most objectionable quality. He is a man who at once enforces respect and provokes detestation."

"Paradoxical, rather."

"I suppose so; but it is strictly true, nevertheless. Mr. Spalding Glenlyne is a man whom everybody acknowledges to be a useful member of society. He has improved the Glenlyne estate to an almost unprecedented extent. His turnips swell like nobody else's turnips; his mangolds would have been big enough for the stables of Gargantua. One can only comfort oneself with the reflection that those big turnips are often watery. His cattle thrive as no one else's cattle thrive. He is like the wicked man in the Psalms, everything flourishes with him. And when he dies there will be a splendid monument erected in his honour by public subscription. Yes, sir, people who abhorred him living will come down handsomely to pay him posthumous homage."

"But a man like that must do some good in his generation," said Lucius; "he distributes money—he employs labour."

"Yes, he is no doubt useful. He builds model cottages. His farm labourers are as sleek as his other cattle. Churches and schools spring up upon his estate. He brags and hectors intolerably, but I daresay he does good."

"Let him retain his opportunities of useful-

ness then, Mr. Pullman. Were my case so strong as to make success almost a certainty, I think I would forego all chance of gaining it as willingly as I forego an attempt which you assure me would be futile. Let Mr. Spalding Glenlyne keep the estate which he is so well able to administer for the advantage of himself and other people. I will not seek to banish him and his children from the roof-tree that has sheltered them for ten prosperous years. The Glenlyne property would be but a white elephant for Lucille and me. My heart is in my profession, and I would infinitely rather succeed in that—even though success fell far short of hopes which may be somewhat too high—than grow the biggest turnips that ever sprouted from the soil of Norfolk. My dear girl has been acknowledged by her nearest surviving relation. That is enough for me."

"Upon my word, Mr. Davoren, you're a noble fellow," exclaimed the lawyer, melted by Lucius's earnestness, by tones whose absolute truthfulness even an attorney could not doubt; "and I only wish your case were a trifle stronger, for it would give me pleasure to protect your interests. However, the case is weak, and I think your decision is as worldly wise as it is generous in spirit, and I can only say, stick to Miss Glenlyne. She's a very old lady. She began life with seven hundred a year of her own, and has been saving money ever since she was twenty-one."

"Neither Lucille nor I belong to the race of toadies," said Lucius; "but I am grateful to Providence for Miss Glenlyne's ready acknowledgment of her niece."

"I have very little doubt the old lady will act handsomely towards you both," replied the lawyer, solacing himself with a comfortable pinch of snuff. He seemed to have taken a wonderful liking to Lucius, and even asked to dine, an invitation which Lucius was unable to accept.

"I shall not have a leisure hour this week," he said; "and on Sunday I am going down to Brighton to spend the day with Miss Glenlyne."

From Lincoln's-inn Lucius went to Cedar House. He was especially anxious that Mr. Sivewright should not think himself neglected during Lucille's absence. He found the old man friendly, but depressed. His son's sudden reappearance and awful death had shaken him severely, and, despite his outward stoicism, and that asperity of manner which it was his pride to maintain, the hidden heart of the man bled inwardly.

The wise physician reads the hearts of his patients almost as easily as he divines their physical ailments. Lucius saw that an unspoken grief weighed heavily on the old man's mind. His first thought was of the simplest remedies—change of scene—occupation. That house was full of bitter associations.

"You are an annual tenant here, I think," he said, when Mr. Sivewright had told him complainingly, how a jobbing builder was patching the broken paneling of his bedroom, by order of the agent, Mr. Agar.

"Yes, I only took the place for a year certain, and then from quarter to quarter. I might have had it for ten pounds a year less had I been willing to take a lease. But I was too wise to saddle myself with the repairs of such a dilapidated barrack."

"Then you can leave at any time by the sacrifice of a quarter's rent, or by giving a quarter's notice."

"Of course I can, but I am not going to leave. The house suits my collection, and it suits me."

"I fear that you subordinate yourself to your collection. This house must keep alive painful memories."

"Do you think that fire needs any breath to fan it?" asked Homer Sivewright bitterly. "Keep alive! Memory never dies, nor grows weaker in the mind of age. It strengthens with advancing years, until the shadows of things gone by seem to the old more real than reality. The old live in the past as the young live in the future. I have come to the age of backward-going thoughts. And it matters nothing what scenes are round me—what walls shut in my declining days. Memory makes its own habitation."

Finding it vain to press the point just now, and trusting to the great healer Time, Lucius began to talk cheerily about Lucille. Mr. Sivewright seemed heartily glad to hear of Miss Glenlyne's kindness, and the probability of fortune following from that kindness by and by, as the lawyer had suggested. There was no touch of jealousy in the old man's half regretful tone when he said:

"She will not quite forget me, I hope, now that she has this new and wealthy friend. I think I cling more tenderly to the thought of her now that I know there is no bond of kindred between us."

"Believe me she loves you, and has loved you always, although you have often wounded her affectionate heart by your coldness."

"That heart shall be wounded no more. She has never been ungrateful. She has never striven to trade upon my affection. She has never robbed me, or lied to me. She is worthy of trust as well as of love, and she shall have both if she does not desert me now that fortune seems to smile upon her."

"I will answer for her there. In a very few days she shall be with you a son—your nurse and comforter and companion."

"Yes, she has been all those, and I have tried to shut my heart against her. I will do so no longer."

When Lucius paid his next visit upon the following evening, he found the old man in a

still softer mood. Tender thoughts had visited him in the deep night silence—so long for the sleeplessness of age.

"I have been thinking a great deal about you both, you and my granddaughter," he said to Lucius, "and have come to a determination, which is somewhat foreign to my most cherished ideas, yet which I believe to be wise."

"What is that, my dear sir?"

"I mean to sell the greater part of my collection."

"Indeed, that is quite a new idea!"

"Yes, but it is a resolution deliberately arrived at. True that every year will increase the value of those things, but in the mean time you and Lucille are deprived of all use of the money they would now realise. That money would procure you a West-end practice—would make a fitting home for Lucille. It would open the turnpike-gates on the great high-road to success; a road which is cruelly long for the traveller who has to push his way across ploughed fields and through thorny hedges, and over almost impassable dykes, for want of money to pay the turnpikes. Yes, Lucius, I mean to send two-thirds of my collection to Christie and Manson's as soon as I can revise and modify my catalogue. You might give me an hour or so every evening to help me with the task."

"I will do anything you wish. But pray do not make this sacrifice on my account."

"It is no sacrifice. I bought these things to sell again, only I have clung to them with a weak and foolish affection. The result of that folly has been that I have lost some of the gems of my collection. I shall set to work upon a new catalogue this evening. The task will amuse me. You need not shake your head so gravely. I promise not to overwork myself. I will take my time, and have the catalogue finished when the winter sales begin at Christie's. I know the public humour about these things, and the things which will sell best. The residue I shall arrange in a kind of museum; and perhaps, some day, when I am in a particularly good humour, I may be induced to present this remainder to some Mechanics' Institution at this end of London."

"You could not make a better use of it."

"I suppose not. After all, the masses, ignorant of art as they must needs be, must still be capable of some interest in relics which are associated with the past. There is an innate sentiment of beauty in the mind of man—an innate passion for the romantic and the ancient which not the most sordid surroundings can extinguish. I have seen dirty bare-footed children—wanderers from the purlieus of Oxford-market or Cleveland-road—flatten their noses against my window in Bond-street, and gloat over the beauty of Sevres and Dresden, as if they had the appreciation of the connoisseur."

Lucius encouraged this idea of the East-end museum. He saw that this fancy, and determination to dispose of the more saleable portion of his collection, had already lightened the old man's spirits. He agreed in the wisdom of turning these hoarded and hidden treasures into the sinews of life's warfare. He declared himself quite willing to owe advancement to Mr. Sivewright's generosity.

The catalogue was begun that very evening; for Homer Sivewright, once having taken up this idea, pursued it with extraordinary eagerness. He dictated a new list of his treasures from the old one, and Lucius did all the penmanship; and at this employment they both worked sedulously for two hours, at the end of which time Lucius ordered his patient off to bed, and took leave for the night. This went on for three nights, and on the third, which was Saturday, the catalogue had made considerable progress. All those objects which addressed themselves to the antiquarian rather than to the connoisseur, and all articles of doubtful or secondary value, Mr. Sivewright kept back for his East-end Museum. He knew that the public appreciation of his collection depended upon its being scrupulously weeded of all inferior objects. He had been known to amateurs as an infallible judge; and in this, his final appearance before the public, he wished to maintain his reputation.

Lucius left him on Saturday night wonderfully improved in spirits. That occupation of catalogue-making had been the best possible distraction. Early on Sunday morning Lucius started for Brighton, so early that the hills and downs of Sussex were still wrapped in morning mists as he approached that pleasant watering-place. He was in time to take Lucille to the eleven-o'clock service at the famous St. Paul's. It was the first time they had ever gone to church together, and to kneel thus side by side in the temple seemed as blissful as it was new to both.

After church they took a stroll by the seaside, walking towards Cliftonville, and avoiding as much as possible the Brightonian throng of well-dressed church-goers, airing their finery on the Parade. They had plenty to say to each other, that fond lover's talk which wells exhaustless from youthful hearts. Miss Glenlyne rarely left her bedroom—where she muddled through the morning attended by Spilling—until the day was half over, so Lucille felt herself at liberty till two o'clock. As the clock struck two, the lovers reentered the shades of Selbrook-place.

Miss Glenlyne was in her favorite chair by the drawing-room fire, looking much smarter, and sooth to say even fresher and cleaner, than when Lucius had last beheld her. This improvement was Lucille's work. She had found handsome garments in her aunt's roomy wardrobe,—garments left to the despoiling moth, or discolouring mildew, and had suggested emendations of all kinds in Miss Glenlyne's

toilet. Dressed in a pearl-gray watered silk, and draped with a white china-crape shawl, the old lady looked far more agreeable than in her dingy black silk gown and dirty olive-green cashmere. Spilling had contrived to keep these things out of their owner's sight and memory, in the pious hope of possessing them herself by and by, very little the worse for wear.

The old lady received Lucius with extreme graciousness. Spilling was invisible, having been relegated to her original position of maid, and banished to the housekeeper's room. A nice little luncheon was served in the back drawing-room, at which Miss Glenlyne again produced a bottle of champagne, an unaccustomed libation to the genius of hospitality. The meal was cheerful almost to merriment, and the old lady appeared thoroughly to enjoy the novel pleasure of youthful society. She encouraged the lovers to talk of themselves, their plans and prospects, cordially entered into the discussion of their future, and Lucius perceived, by many a trifling indication, how firm a hold Lucille had already won upon her aunt's heart. After luncheon Miss Glenlyne would have dismissed them to walk on the Parade, but Lucille insisted on staying at home to read to her aunt. She read a good deal of the *Observer*, through which medium Miss Glenlyne took the news of the week, in a dry and compressed form, like Liebig's Extract. After the *Observer* the conversation became literary, and Miss Glenlyne gave them her opinion of the Lake poets, Sir Walter Scott, Monk Lewis, Byron, Mrs. Radcliffe, and the minor lights who had illumined the world of letters in her youth. She clung fondly to the belief that "Thalaba" was better than anything that had been done or ever could be done by that young man called Tennyson, with whose name rumour had acquainted her some years back, but whose works she had not yet looked into. And finally, for the gratification of the young folks, she recited, in a quavering voice, Southey's famous verses upon "Lodore."

Then came afternoon tea, and it was a pretty sight for Lucius to behold his dear one officiating at Miss Glenlyne's tea-table, whose massive silver equipage glittered in the ruddy firelight; pretty to see her so much at her ease in her kinswoman's home, and to know that if he had not been able to regain her birthright for her, he had at least given her back her father's name. Altogether that quiet Sunday afternoon in Selbrook-place was as pleasant as it was curious. After the early tea Lucius and Lucille went out at Miss Glenlyne's special request, for half-an-hour's walk in the autumn gloaming. Perhaps autumnal evenings at Brighton are better than they are anywhere else. At any rate, this one seemed so to these lovers. There was no sea fog, the newly lighted lamps glimmered with a pale brightness in the clear gray atmosphere, the crimson of the setting sun glowed redly yonder, where the dim outlines of distant headlands showed like vague purple shadows against the western sky.

Never had these two been able to talk so hopefully of the future as they could talk tonight. They arranged everything during that happy half-hour, which, brief as it seemed, did in actual time, as computed by vulgar clocks, stretch itself to nearly an hour-and-a-half. If Mr. Sivewright carried out his plan of selling the bric-a-brac, and did verily endow Lucius with some of the proceeds thereof, he Lucius would assuredly establish himself in some pleasant quarter of London, where his patients would be more lucrative, yet where he might still be a help and comfort to the poor, whom this hard-working young doctor loved with something of that divine affection which made Francis of Assisi one of the greatest among saints. He would set up afresh in a more airy and cheerful quarter of the great city, and make a worthy home for his fair young bride.

The girl's little hand stole gently into his.

"As if I cared what part of town I am to live in with you," she said fondly. "I should be just as happy in the Shadrack-road as in Cavendish square, just as proud of my husband as a parish doctor as I should be if he were a famous physician. Thing of yourself only, dear Lucius, and of your own power to do good—not of me."

"My darling, the more prominent a man's position is the more good he can do, provided it be in him to do good at all. But depend upon it, Lucille, if I go to the West-end, I shall not turn my back upon the sufferings of the East."

EPILOGUE.

It is the April of the following year. Mr. Sivewright's collection has been sold in February, and the sale, happening in a halcyon period for the disposal of bric-a-brac, has justified the collector's proudest hopes. He has divided the proceeds into two equal portions, one of which he has bestowed upon Lucius as Lucille's dower; and with a part of this money Lucius has bought a modest practice, with the potentiality of unlimited improvement, in a narrow street, situated in that remote, but not unaristocratic region, beyond Manchester-square.

It is late in April, Lent is just over; there are wallflowers for sale on the greengrocers' stall, a perfume of spring in the atmosphere, even at the eastern end of London. The spar-forests yonder in the docks rise gaily against a warm blue sky, whence the smoke clouds have been swept by the brisk westerly breeze.

Bells are ringing gaily from the crooked spire of the little Gothic church whose services Lucius Davoren has been wont faithfully to attend on his lonely bachelor Sundays; and Lucius, never more a bachelor, leads forth his fair young bride from the same Gothic temple. Not alone

doth he issue forth as bridegroom, for behind him follow Geoffrey and Janet, who have also made glad surrender of their individual liberty before the altar in the rose-colored light of yonder Munich window, a rose glow which these happy people accept as typical of the atmosphere of all their lives to come. Trouble can scarcely approach those whose love and faith are founded on so firm a rock.

Lucius had kept his promise, and waited for the same April sunlight to shine upon Geoffrey's nuptials and his own. Miss Glenlyne has been one of the foremost figures in the little wedding group, and Mr. Sivewright has stood up before the altar, strong and solid of aspect as one of the various pillars of the church, to bestow his adopted granddaughter upon the man of her choice. Lucille has but one bridesmaid, in the person of Flossie, who looks like a small Titania, in her airy dress and wreath of spring blossoms. Never was there a smaller wedding party at a double marriage, never a simpler wedding.

They go straight from the church to the old house in the Shadrack-road, which no persuasion can induce Mr. Sivewright to abandon. Here, in the old panelled parlor, endeared to Lucius by the memory of many a happy hour with his betrothed, they find a modest banquet awaiting them, and a serious individual of the waiter-tribe, in respectable black, who has been sent from Birch's with the banquet. Moselle corks fly merrily. Mr. Sivewright does the honors of the feast as gracefully as if he had been entertaining his friends habitually for the last twenty years. Lucille and Lucius go round the old house for a kind of farewell, but carefully avoid that one locked chamber which was the scene of Ferdinand Sivewright's dreadful fate, and which has never been occupied since that night.

It is quite late in the afternoon when two carriages bear the two couples off to different railway stations: Lucius and Lucille on their way to Stillington, where they are to spend their brief honeymoon of a week or ten days before beginning real and earnest life in the neatly-furnished, newly papered and painted house near Manchester-square, where Mr. and Mrs. Wincher and the inevitable Mercury are to compose their modest establishment; Geoffrey and Janet to Dover, whence they are to travel southwards, to climb Swiss mountains and do Rhine and Danube ere they return to take possession of a small but perfect abode in Mayfair, where Mrs. Hossack is to give musical evenings to her heart's content, and where Flossie's nursery is to be a very bower of bliss, full of overflowing of Siraudin's bonbon boxes and illuminated fairy-tale books.

When Lucius and his bride take leave of Miss Glenlyne, the old lady, who has "borne up," as she calls it, wonderfully hitherto, melts into tears, and tells them that she means in future to spend the summer months in London, whether Spilling likes it or not, that she will take lodgings near Lucille's new house, so that her darling may come and make tea for her every day. And then she adds in a whisper, that she has made a new will, and made Lucille her residuary legatee. "And except forty pounds a year to Spilling, and a legacy of fifty to each of the other servants, every sixpence I have is left to you, dear," she adds confidentially. She squeezes a fifty-pound note into Lucille's hand just at the last, wrapped in a scrap of paper, on which is written in the old lady's tremulous hand, "For hotel expenses at Stillington."

So they depart, happy, to begin that new life whose untrodden path to most of this world's wayfarers seems somewhat rose-bestrown. These begin their journey with a fair promise of finding more roses than thorns.

Thus it happens that Mr. Glenlyne Spalding Glenlyne remains in undisputed possession of his lands, tenements, and hereditaments, to grow big turnips, and employ labor, and do good in his generation; while Lucius, unburdened by superfluous wealth, yet amply provided against the hazards of professional income, is left free to pursue that calling which to him is at once exalted and congenial; and every one is content.

THE END.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

Lenore Le Jour stood against one of the pillars of the broad piazza of her father's suburban residence. The moon was shining very brightly, but she heeded not the beauty of the scene around her, for her face was in such a storm of emotion, that one could plainly perceive that her mind was very far from surrounding objects.

A shudder passed over her slender form, and her voice trembled from uncontrollable emotion.

"Why will this torturing doubt creep in and so nearly freeze my heart? One year ago tonight he left me, and how perfect was my confidence in him? Did I think that fond faith could be shaken? Did I think he could forget me so soon? Ah, if this be true, I will indeed pray to find rest on that distant shore, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

She turned suddenly, and walked into the house, and up to her own room, where, throwing on a wrapper, she seated herself before the dressing table, and began to take the fastenings from her long black hair.

What a magnificent creature she was, with

her black eyes flashing and sparkling for a moment, and suddenly filling with tears.

The French blood that flowed in her veins was surging over the beautifully rounded cheeks, and proclaimed her a very queen of love.

Two years before our story opens Lenore, while visiting a fashionable watering-place, met a young gentleman of very prepossessing appearance, whose name was Roy Ellison.

She was bathing one morning, and going out too far for her strength and experience in swimming, was on the point of drowning when she was happily rescued by a certain brave young fellow, who, being near, and hearing a woman's cry for help, plunged in, and brought her safely in his strong arms to shore, where her mother was waiting in agonizing suspense to receive her.

This was how she came to be introduced to Roy Ellison, and the incident placed them at once on a familiar footing.

As the summer passed on, their acquaintance drifted into a very pleasant friendship.

Lenore returned to her home, and in three weeks was followed by Roy Ellison, who asked her father's consent to pay his addresses to Lenore.

This was freely given, for Mr. Le Jour knew Roy's family, and considered him in every way worthy of Lenore, if he could win her.

Roy commenced his pleasant task with a zeal quite worthy of his love, and after visiting Lenore for a month, she promised, with many becoming blushes, to be his wife.

One year from the time they first met, they parted with many sweet assurances of undying affection and confidence, Roy to go and take his last course at a celebrated medical college, and Lenore to stay at home and wait patiently until the time should come for her betrothed to claim his bride.

The last letter she received from him he told her that he was coming to her soon, and might be expected in a week or two.

She had gone into the garden to watch the glorious sunset, and to read this same letter for about the twentieth time, when, lying directly in her path, she espied a part of another letter, and, like a true daughter of Eve, picked it up and began to read.

It proved to be a letter to her brother, from one of the students of the same college that Roy was attending.

She read on until a deathly pallor settled on her face, and her eyes dilated and looked as though they would burn themselves into the paper.

This is a portion of what she read:—

"Our mutual friend, Roy E—, is playing a lofty hand with a certain little blue-eyed beauty, who seemed created especially for his bride."

"You should see them together, my dear fellow; they suit each other precisely."

"Madam Grundy says he is engaged to a girl in some distant town, but I cannot vouch for the truth of this report."

"Blue eyes has the money, which, I suppose, makes her doubly precious in Roy's estimation, for, although he has plenty of his own, you know the more one has the more one wants."

I will not attempt to describe Lenore's feelings as she finished reading.

To careless observers she would have appeared quite calm as she entered the house and passed on to where we first saw her.

But there was a restless fire in her eyes that told what a tide of emotions was surging in her soul.

After combing out her beautiful hair, and pushing it carelessly back into a silken net, she seated herself before her desk and began to write.

Hour after hour was spent in writing letter after letter, only to be discarded one after another, until she produced one that she thought would suit the occasion.

It read as follows:—

"MR. ELLISON.—Circumstantial evidence comes within my reach to prove that you are no longer worthy of my regard or respect, your character being that of a heartless flirt."

"This letter, therefore, is intended to rend asunder all bonds that heretofore united us."

"I suppose no farther explanation is necessary, as you know how far blue eyes have usurped the place of black ones in your mind for the last few months."

"I send your letters to you, and must ask you to destroy mine as soon as this one is received."

"LENORE LE JOUR."

She sealed and directed this epistle, and binding it with the letters that a few hours ago were so precious to her, she prepared them for the post.

Though she still felt her trouble sorely, all that bitterness was gone, and she wept softly to herself, until exhausted nature was at last overcome by sleep.

When she entered the breakfast room the next morning, her mother and father were already there, but she felt the absence of her brother Paul, who had gone the day before on an excursion.

Her mother noticed her haggard looks and pale face, and, with the natural anxiety of a loving mother, inquired the cause.

Lenore only said, in answer, that she had suffered through the night with a severe headache.

She might have said a severe heart-ache, which would have been more strictly true.

But she did not care to disclose that fact for the present.

"My little girl, why have you been so sad for

the last few days?" Mr. Le Jour asked one day, soon after the above event. "Has Roy written you that he will not be home so soon as he expected?"

"No, father," she replied, calmly. "I think I shall not receive another letter from him; our engagement is ended."

"Why, my daughter, how is that?"

"Please don't ask me, father; rest assured there was a sufficient reason."

Being accustomed to giving her her own way, the indulgent parent did not press her for the cause of what was a mystery to him, but only expressed a regret that she should have a trouble that he could not help her to bear.

Two weeks from the time she sent the letter, Lenore saw Roy Ellison's name among the list of passengers aboard the "St. Cloud," bound for the distant shores of the New World.

The weeks came and passed as usual; the birds sang their gay songs just as gaily as ever, and, to all outward appearances, Lenore's life was just as it had always been.

Four years had passed since the day that Roy Ellison rescued Lenore Le Jour from the cruel waves that tried so hard to take away her sweet young life.

Long since she had made a confidant of her brother, and shown him the letter that had been the cause of her hasty conduct.

Paul explained the mistake she made—for by "Roy E—" was meant Roy Ewell, another medical student, now happily married to the blue-eyed beauty—and, though he sympathized with her deeply, he blamed her for her want of confidence, and for being so hasty.

Many changes had taken place in the family of Le Jour in the past two years.

Mr. Le Jour had lost the fortune he had accumulated by his hard labour in the days of his youth.

Not being very strong-minded, the trial proved too much for him, and only a few weeks elapsed after the loss of his fortune, before a broken-hearted widow and two fatherless children were thrown upon their own resources for support.

Thus Lenore is introduced to the reader, "plying her needle and thread" for a meagre subsistence.

Paul was in the city working with a willing heart, but with hands entirely unused to toil.

The devoted mother had long since found rest upon that distant shore where Lenore once prayed to go.

"Cousin Roy, will you take this money down to the back parlour for me? I want to finish this better for the next mail, and have only ten minutes more. You will find my dressmaker there, to whom I owe it for the making of this dress. Look at it. Isn't it lovely?"

The speaker was a tall girl with grey eyes, a profusion of blonde curls, and a generous, good-natured face.

As she spoke, she turned towards a gentleman whom the reader has already recognised as Roy Ellison.

"Yes, Jessie, it's beautiful, I think."

And a slight mist came before his eyes, as he remembered a ball that he had attended once with Lenore, when she wore a dress very nearly like this one.

"Give me the money and I will go and do your errand for you. Shall I tell her how much you are pleased with the dress?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. Tell her I have another one for her to make next week. Now, don't say any more—one minute's gone already."

Roy entered the parlour with a polite "Good evening, madam" on his lips.

But, before he had taken more than two or three steps into the room, a slight figure turned from one of the windows, and he recognised the sad, sweet face as that of his long-lost Lenore.

"My darling Lenore!" was all he could say, as he caught her in his arms and almost smothered her with his passionate kisses.

Then he suddenly released her, as he thought of the explanation that might be necessary before such words and actions would be acceptable.

"Roy, can you ever forgive my cruel doubts, and take me back to your heart again?"

Roy had no idea of what she meant, but he really thought he could do as she asked him.

So, clasped in his arms, she told him why she wrote that dreadful letter, begged him again to forgive her, and poured into his sympathizing ear the story of all the troubles she had suffered in those three weary years while they were separated.

He, in turn, explained to her how he had read her letter over several times, without in the least comprehending her innuendo about "blue eyes and black ones."

How his wounded pride at last got the better of his love, and how, after roaming about in his misery for a year, he saw how foolishly he had acted, and at once set out for home.

Imagine his consternation when he came to her old home and found her not there!

He inquired for her, and heard of the father's losses and death, and, since then, he had never ceased to search for her in every conceivable place.

"And now, my little darling," he continued, "for fear I might lose you again, you must consent for us to be married. Will you, sweet?"

The only answer he received was a gentle pressure of the arms around his neck, for at that moment Jessie entered the room.

On seeing them she drew back, but Roy called her to them, and told her all that was

necessary to make her throw her arms around Lenore, and through her sympathetic tears, assure her that she should always love her as Cousin Roy's wife.

In a month Paul Le Jour received the following telegram—

"DEAR PAUL,—Your sister and myself were married yesterday, and will pass through the city next Tuesday. Meet us at the N— Hotel at three o'clock on that day."

"Your brother,
ROY ELLISON."

LADIES' FASHIONS.

Woollen makes, cashmere, or fine cloth; velvets, plain or fancy; poplin, striped or plain; seilienne, a mixture of wool and silk, are now in favor. Passementerie and fringe, mixed with jet and beads, is still very much used. Tabliers are made entirely of passementerie; they are rounded at the sides, and finished off by wide sash-ends of moire, forming a trimming to the skirt, and a passementerie trimming to match is made for the bodice. Buttons of innumerable styles are to be seen, and are quite important accessories to a toilette just now. The robes "Princesses," without tunics or upper skirts, are much worn for dressy occasions. The skirt is then made with a train or half-train. It is somewhat difficult to indicate the length this should be, but for a lady of ordinary height the skirt should be from a yard and a half to a yard and three-quarters at the back for the half-trains, but still longer for the train for full evening dress. The trimmings are now placed on the train and front breadth (to which the name of tablier has been consecrated), which should be rather more than a quarter of a yard wide at the waist. The breadths of trained skirts are cut in unequal lengths, augmenting in length as they approach the back; they are quite even at the top, the bottom of the skirt being rounded to form the train. The front breadth is slightly hollowed at the top so as to allow of its being sewn on the band without creasing; but the remaining breadths are perfectly straight. The skirts are made fuller than they were last winter; the seams on each side of the tablier and the next two seams are gored; and all the other breadths are cut straight. The skirts of costumes, when trimmed from the top to the bottom, are rather over three yards round, and made with four of the seams on the bias. For trained skirts the width must necessarily depend on the length. The puffs, though still worn, show a very decided decrease of their former exaggerated size; they are formed in the manner we have before described by the back breadths being cut longer, and plaited or gathered in to the side. Tunics are very much less worn; they are, however, still in use, made very short in front, rather longer behind, either draped at the sides so as to form a pouff, or the two ends are tied loosely across under a buckle. Polonaises, if made of cloth, may be very plain, merely having a row of large buttons, or two rows of smaller buttons to fasten them, and a hem with a double stitching all round; or they may be more elaborately trimmed with passementerie in plaques, tassels, and olives. The pockets, which are so much worn, add very greatly to the style; they are made large, and placed in front, on the hips, or at the back. Sometimes there are five—two in front, two behind, and a small breast-pocket. For evening costumes silk is at present the material most preferred; the shades of color that have been fashionable during the last month or two are still in vogue—the paler shades and those especially adapted for gaslight being reserved for full dress. For ball-dress the bodices will be made low at the back, but higher in proportion in the front. For soirées, the dress opened square in front, with a wide trimming of lace slightly resembling the col "Médicis" will be fashionable this season. For small evening receptions, dinners, or concerts, high dresses can be perfectly well worn if one of the many elegant plastrons or fichus which are now so indispensable is added; with a low dress, also, they make a very pretty finish. Nothing can be more convenient or charming than these frills, fichus, and plastrons. With three or four of these the toilette may be varied and made suitable for numerous occasions. Crêpe lisse, or gauze trills, are considered the most becoming. There is a softness about the shade and texture which renders it peculiarly becoming to the complexion. It should be made double or quadruple, with a ribbon placed along the centre hiding the plaits. A similar frill is also worn round the cuff, and up the opening of the sleeve. There is but little change in the shape of hats and bonnets lately, but there is a slight difference in the way of putting them on. They are no longer placed so very far back on the head as it was the custom to wear them during the summer. The rage for buckles, arrows, and other ornaments of jet and steel continues. Mother-of-pearl is also beginning to be employed in this manner, not only for hats and bonnets, but for looping up tunics, or fastening ends and bows.

THE Commission of enquiry into the New York city accounts have discovered a large floating debt, besides some hundred and fifteen million dollars of city and county debt. The Board of Aldermen have called on the Commissioners to report as to the amount of the floating debt, but, owing to the rumored influence of well-known politicians, unavailingly.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

MAN'S LIFE.—Some modern philosopher has given in these eleven lines the summary of life:—

7 years in childhood's sport and play. 7
7 years in school from day to day..... 14
7 years at trade or college life..... 21
7 years to find a place and wife..... 28
7 years to pleasure's follies given..... 35
7 years to business hardly driven..... 42
7 years for some wild goose chase..... 49
7 years for wealth and bootless race..... 56
7 years for hoarding for your heir..... 63
7 years in weakness spent and care.. 70

Then die, and go you should know where. A pleasant bit of arithmetic. The learned author says nothing about seven years' transportation, an idea that ought to have struck him in alliance with seven.

A LUCKY DRAW.—A poor apprentice in Berlin was lucky enough at the last drawing of the State lottery to win one-fourth of the great prize. His principal, who knew that the lad had no money of his own, or at least nothing like the amount required to go in for one-fourth (forty thalers would be about the price of a ticket), pressed his apprentice to confess where he obtained the money for this purpose. The winner penitently acknowledged that it was the produce of the sale of a piece of good stolen from his employer. The principal now claims the lottery prize as his property. The boy's relations, on the other hand, object to its surrender, and the legal profession will be called upon to decide a point which has probably never before been raised.

A NEW BIRD OF PARADISE.—Signor d'Alberty has found a new bird of paradise at Atam, in New Guinea, a place situated at an elevation of about three thousand five hundred feet above the sea level, in the Arfak mountains. The peculiarity of this bird consists in the bill and the softness of the plumage. The feathers that arise from the base of the bill are of a metallic green and of a reddish copper color; the feathers of the breast, when laid quite smooth, are of a violet-gray, but when raised form a semicircle round the body, reflecting a deep golden color. Other violet-gray feathers arise from the flanks, edged with a metallic violet tint; but when the plumage is entirely expanded the bird appears as if it had formed two semicircles around itself, and is certainly a very handsome bird. Above the tail and wings the feathers are yellowish; underneath they are of a darker shade.

METHOD IN WORK.—Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflexion for recreation after business and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind till affairs begin to press all at once and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray mind this; it is one of your weak points; a habit of mind it is that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly but is left to their own management. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting if it does not destroy the power of manly and necessary exertion.

EARLY INFLUENCES.—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only ensures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. We think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joyousness; and we never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at least prematurely old, and turned inward on itself.

HOW TO BE SOMEBODY.—Don't stand sighing, wishing, and waiting, but go to work with an energy and perseverance that will set every object in the way of your success flying like leaves before a whirlwind. A milk and water way of doing business leaves a man in the lurch every time. He may have ambition enough to wish himself on the topmost round of the ladder of success, but if he has not got the go-aheadiveness to pull himself up there, he will inevitably remain at the bottom, or at best on the very low rounds. Never say I can't, never admit there is such a word; it has dragged its tens of thousands to poverty and degradation, and it is high time it was stricken from our language; but carry a lexicon of I cans and I wills with you, and thus armed, every obstacle in the way of your success will vanish. Never envy your neighbour his success, but try and become like him, and as much better are you can. If at first you don't succeed, don't stand still with despondency and I can't, but gird on the armor of I can, and my word for it you will.

SINGULAR.—It is asserted and believed by many people that, if a man be stretched at full

length, say upon stools, and six persons gather about him (opposite, two and two) and place the forefinger of each hand under him, he can be raised with ease into the air by the joint strength of the six, exerted in this manner, provided that all seven of them inhale and retain air to the full capacity of their lungs. All stress is laid upon the inhalation. Is there any virtue in this? For a body to take in any amount of the fluid in which it is bathed does not increase its buoyancy; nor does a full and retained breath assist vital power so well as sustained and regular breathing. The only way in which I can imagine its assisting is by its giving the upper part of the body greater rigidity through the increased arch of the chest. This would make the distribution of power uniform over the body of the lifted, and give a better brace to the lifters. There is no trouble about averaging a lift of thirteen pounds to each finger, but it is the mysterious and all potent full breath which excites my curiosity. The believers in this, I have no doubt, experience an additional buoyancy equivalent to the weight of a volume of air equal to their cranial capacity.

THE FAN OF THE MARCHIONESS.—This is the name of a play said to have been written by King Louis II. of Bavaria in Alexandrine verse. The following is a curious story concerning it:—"About four months ago the actors of the Royal theatre received from the manager the cast of *The Fan of the Marchioness*, whose author, he said, wished to remain unknown, but which was to be rehearsed immediately. A week afterward the first rehearsal took place, and a few days later the actor and actresses who were to appear in it were startled by the notification that they were to play the piece after midnight. The most rigorous secrecy was enjoined upon them, and immediate dismissal was threatened to those who should talk about the affair. Who had ever heard of such a theatrical performance? The actors were all there, and when the curtain went up they vainly looked for an audience. No one was present but a young man, dressed in a loose suit of gray, his handsome face adorned with a small, well-trimmed moustache. The young man was seated in the left proscenium box, and seemed to follow the performance with rapt attention. The experienced actors did their best to play their parts well. None of them had ever performed under more singular, not to say discouraging, circumstances. Applause there was none. The curtain went down and it went up again before a dark and empty house. The only spectator was to all appearances highly interested, but not even once did he clap his hands. Finally, just as the neighboring clock of St. Catharine's Church struck four, the play was over, and the actors went home. This singular performance has been repeated since then a dozen times."

BEAU HICKMAN'S HISTORY.—Over Hickman's early life, writes a Washington correspondent, or even his origin, the mystery of a doubt, perhaps difficult to be solved, hangs, shutting out the inquisition of the curious. According to his own account, he was born in 1815, but where and of what family is not known. His patronymic is that of an old and respectable family of Virginia and Kentucky, and rumor—the gossip of the flaneurs about the streets of Washington—has averred that he was a native of North Carolina, his parents and connections having been people of high social standing. But as this sketch of a man who stood solitary in his peculiarities and in his life concerns himself alone, the question of his birthplace and of his early days is immaterial. The architect—or rather the destroyer of his own fortunes, "Beau" Hickman owed his notoriety to himself and to the questionable manner in which, like Falstaff's companion, he made the world his oyster, and opened it after his own chosen fashion. What is known of his advent into the walks of mature life is that he inherited a large sum of money—\$40,000, it is said—a very respectable fortune at the date when he obtained his majority.—Those who know, or affect to know, of those early days of his experiences, say that when he secured this inheritance he developed into a man of fashion—the fashion wherewith a competent tailor invests an individual—as well as a man of the world. In the former capacity he shone a circumscribed edition of "Beau" Brummell and the dandies of the regency, the delight and the profit of tailors: in the latter the fascinations of the turf and of the green table wooed him to his loss. Baltimore, chiefly, it is said, was the scene of the "Beau's" first costly dash at life. Had he possessed the fortune, the privileges, and the advantages of his prototype of White's and Ranelagh—the distinguished patronage of a royal prince, and the eager welcome of a society like that which prevailed in London at the beginning of the century—"Beau" Hickman might have added to American annals the record of a Brummell or a Nash; but as it was, missing his opportunity in a prosaic and rather cynical age, his passion for the turf and his mania for betting reduced his resources and deprived him of his revenue. A man of undeniable wit and humor, a marvelously comic raconteur, a story-teller who has creased more faces in his time with hearty laughter than Yorick, the Dane, ever looked upon—it would have seemed appropriate that Hickman, too, should have had his admiring Lord Alvanley, who would have honored the bills of his laundress, and have met his I. O. U.'s at maturity with the ready cash. But failing this prop, he fell back upon himself, and the result was the adventurer who for many years was pointed out to strangers as one of the institutions of Washington.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Steps are taking in England to convert on a large scale the waste of gas, soap, and chemical works into a cement which will withstand fire and damp, and into a material resembling asphalt.

To make tracing-paper, castor-oil is mixed with three or four parts of absolute alcohol, and the homogenous mixture spread over the paper with a brush. After the drawing is made, the paper may be washed with alcohol, and will return to its original condition.

TO REMOVE MARKING INK.—Wet the stain with fresh solution of chloride of lime; and after ten or twelve minutes, if the marks have become white, dip the part in solution of ammonia (the liquid ammonia of chemists,) or hyposulphite of soda. In a few minutes, wash in clean water.

COFFEE.—Coffee will remove the sense of fatigue and exhaustion, and give vigor and hilarity to the mind; the wearied student, the brain-racked inquirer, hails it as his comforter and support. Voltaire almost lived upon it; the great Harvey took it constantly and freely; Horace Walpole spoke loudly in its praise. The Persians have a notion that coffee was first invented by the angel Gabriel to restore Mahomet's decayed moisture; and it is certain that intense study is greatly supported by it, and that, too, without the ill consequence which succeed the suspension of rest and sleep, when the nervous influence has nothing to sustain it.

BLEACHING DISCOLORED FLANNEL.—It was found by Prof. Artus, that flannel which had become yellow by lying for some time, when treated with a solution of 1½ pounds of Marseilles soap in 50 pounds of soft water, with the addition of ½ of an ounce of ammonia, and subsequently rinsed, was much improved in appearance. The bleaching was more quickly accomplished by soaking the articles for an hour in a dilute solution of acid sulphite of soda, then stirring in dilute hydrochloric acid (50 parts water to 1 of acid), covering the vessel and allowing it to remain a quarter of an hour, and afterward thoroughly rinsing the articles.

A scientific writer has recently collated a group of facts illustrative of the effect of oscillation on powerful bodies when not frequently broken by vibration. In crossing large suspension bridges it is esteemed necessary that processions should break step in order to insure safety; and it is told, in illustration, that when the first suspension bridge was building in England a fiddler offered to demolish it with his fiddle. Striking one note after another, he eventually hit the vibrating note or fundamental tone, and threw the structure into extraordinary vibrations. Only recently a bridge went down in France under the tread of a regiment of infantry, who neglected to break step on entering it. Three hundred persons were drowned. The experiment of breaking a tumbler or other small glass vessel by frequent repetitions of some particular note of the human voice belongs to the same class of phenomena.

PROF. TYNDALL argues against the commonly taught notion that man requires absolutely pure air and water. Chemically pure air—air that is without a trace of ammonia, carbonic acid, or water—is, he says, not to be found, and the one thing certain about it is, that if it were, no one could live in it. Neither is pure water ever found in nature; and observation of the whole animal creation, including man himself, tends to show that pure water is not necessary, nor even demonstrably desirable. Every sunbeam which enters a darkened room shows how thick with solid impurities is the air which man breathes—yet no one on that account fears to breathe it; the same thing holds true in regard to water, but this need not necessarily make any one afraid to drink it. Neither all foreign matters, nor even all foreign organic matters, are of necessity unwholesome, and the votaries of strict science too often represent man as a being who must submit the world to a series of severe chemical operations before it is fit for him to live in.

DRAWING SCREWS.—Few things says an exchange, are more vexatious than obstinate screws which refuse to move, much less to be drawn out; and in the struggle against screw driver power suffer the loss of their heads, like conscientious martyrs, rather than take a single half turn backward from the course they have followed, and from the position they have been forced into. Like obstinate children, they must be coaxed, or rapped pretty hard on the head, according to circumstances; in fact, whoever has a tight, obstinate screw to "draw out," must keep his temper down and his resolution up quite as much to the sticking point as the screw does. If the screw is turned into iron and not very rusty, it is only necessary to clear the head with the wedge of the driver, and let a few drops of oil penetrate to the threads; but, finding that excessive heat or rust has almost fixed the screw immovable, then heat, either by placing a piece of hot iron upon it or directing the flame of the blow pipe upon the head, and, after applying a little oil, turn out gently; but care must be taken not to let the tool slip so as to damage the notch. If, however, the screw refuses to come out, try to force it back with a blunt chisel, smartly but carefully tapped with a light hammer; but if evidently nothing can dislodge the enemy, it is best to cut the head away and drill out the screw. When an obstinate screw happens to be in wood, merely give it a few taps on the head; but failing in that, heat it with a piece of hot iron, when it may be easily turned.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

To know how to spell correctly is a good thing—unless you are an American humorist.

AN Omaha girl introduced a romantic mode of suicide by stuffing her lover's letters down her throat until she suffocated. She couldn't swallow his unkind words, and so came to her end.

ACCORDING to *Blackwood* "every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is a slave of some woman or other." At all events most of the men are "sold" by the women.

A CHARITABLE Cincinnati man keeps a pair of dogs chained at his front door, so that poor people who stop to get a "bite" can be accommodated without taking the trouble to go into the house.

THE wedding-cake of a couple recently married weighed forty pounds, and was in the form of a three-story house with a sugar bride and bridegroom coming out of the front door—and, like the real couple, too sweet to last.

EYES like diamonds, hair like a vast mass of golden feathers, a faultless form, a hand which no man can look upon without an intense desire to kiss it, are portions of the description of a young lady who is captain of a fishing smack.

A BOARDER thinks he has made a marked improvement on a well-known Scripture text, which he reads as follows, "When thou prayest go into the pantry and shut the door." It would not require a great deal of exhortation to get the new rendering heartily adopted and the precept most faithfully obeyed.

AN eccentric traveller lately astonished the ostler at an Aberdeen inn by addressing him as follows:—"My lad, extricate my quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him a sufficient supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall again illuminate the oriental horizon, I will reward you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

Those who are old enough to remember the oldest spelling-books will remember the child-startling assertion that

In Adam's fall
We sinned all!

The parody on this has been long coming, but Josh Billings has finally drawn the bead after this fashion:

In Adam's sin
We all jined in.

HENRY Clews says that the present hard times are due to the extravagance of the women. If Henry Clews really says so, he ought to be kicked to death for slander. Mrs. Podhammer spends twenty dollars for a bonnet; whereupon Podhammer gets mad at her for her wild and ruinous extravagance, and goes with a party of friends to a restaurant that night, as usual, and spends forty dollars for Champagne, mushrooms and oysters. But Podhammer is very economical.

THE Italians are often noted for their extravagant expressions of respect in letter-writing. A correspondent, even of humble position, is addressed as "Most esteemed Sir," "Honorable," "Illustrious," "Most noble," etc. In writing to a tailor or boot-maker it would not be uncommon to address him as "Most illustrious Sir," and sign "Your most devoted." These are usual forms employed by the masses. The following is the literal translation of a letter addressed, after a quarrel, by one angry disputant to another whom he challenged to a duel:

"MOST ESTEEMED SIR.—Permit me to inform you that you are a pig. Yes, my beloved one. It is my intention, in a short time, to spoil your beauty either by sword or pistol. The choice shall be left to you, as both weapons are to me quite indifferent. Hoping soon to have the pleasure of a cherished answer, I declare myself to be, honorable Sir,

"Yours, most devotedly,
CARLAVERO."

THE coldest collation ever heard of is that to which a Chicago bachelor was lately invited by his friends prior to his leaving the cold precincts of celibacy for a happier sphere. This is the "Menu":

SOUP.

Water.

Champagne.

COLD DISHES.

Goblets of Ice. Bowls of Ice. Cracked Ice. More Champagne.

Music: "The Old Home is Not What it Used to Be."

REMOVES.

Cheese—"Limberger." Boston Crackers. More Champagne.

Music: "The Old Oak Bucket."

GAME.

Whist. Euchre. Seven-Up.

MORE CHAMPAGNE.

Music: "Miss Maloney's Party."

DESSERT.

Tooth Picks and Napkins.

MORE CHAMPAGNE.

Music: "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

BONBONS AND FLOWERS.

Congress Water.

Music: "Put Me in My Little Bed."

OUR PUZZLER.

1. CHARADES.

I.

My first is often worn by you;
My second's good to eat;
My total can be well applied
To sharpers and a cheat.

II.

You may be first, I cannot tell—
Some people are, I know full well;
My second will a pronoun name;
My third does oft the wild beast tame;
My third in Scripture you will see;
And total lives beneath the sea.

2. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

There are four numbers in arithmetical progression; the product of the two means is 108, and that of the extremes 90. What are the numbers?

3. ENIGMA.

Ere Adam and Eve
Had cause to grieve
In the beautiful garden of Eden,
By them we were seen,
Or, at least, might have been,
As sure as a king reigns in Sweden.

In an exhibition,
Where you pay for admission,
You will find we are not a delusion;
And oft on a Friday,
When your rooms are made tidy,
For a time we are thrown in confusion.

4. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Nine English, three Irish, one Swedish, one Russian, two Prussian, three Belgian, and three French towns; one English river, one Irish lake; one Dutch, one German, one French, and two Italian rivers; one Spanish mountain, three Turkish islands. All of these can be distinctly traced in one English town of fifteen letters.

5. CHARADE.

My first is large, small, and thick, and thin,
And my outside in general shows what's within;
Its outside in colours outnumbers all scenes,
And yet is within every one's means.
The rich and the poor, the Church and the State,
The schoolroom, the bench, and rooms small and great;
The scholar, the dunce, all have me in lore,
But the dunce often deems me a very great bore.
Yet whom can I harm, as in second I lie?
Both first and second, indeed, please the eye,
Except in some cases where we're frequently used,
Then we may seem as if much abused.
My whole may be seen in the room of the hall—
Now, what are the words that make up my all?

6. TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Hut man lent sheet; 2. Net not her low food; 3. Angler, they nail a lot; 4. Smite web, try beans; 5. Eh, sun, use but mirth; 6. Ted H. gazes on a cool girl; 7. O, one thus in shame; 8. G. H. we praise not; 9. Call nut, she adds a trap; 10. The mills ran stew.

7. RIDDLE.

An expanse of water take for my head;
Then I wish you to be put in the middle;
The head of a pony join to that—
Now you have the whole of my riddle.
And when you've the answer brought to mind,
Search in your house, 'tis there you'll me find.

8. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

The difference of two numbers is 9; and the quotient of the greater by the lesser is the same. What are the two numbers?

9. CHARADE.

A delicate flower is my first,
That blossoms in dewy May;
Of all features my next has the worst
Is his rousing before break of day,
A bird, my whole, without compare
For screeching voice and plumage rare.

ANSWERS.

178.—SQUARE WORDS.

1	2	3
CRANE	SWIFT	GOOSE
RAVEN	WAGER	OSCAR
AVERT	IGLAU	OCUR
NERVE	FEAST	SAUVE
ENTER	TRUTH	ERRED

179.—ANAGRAMS.—1. Anthony Trollope; 2. Charles Dickens; 3. John Frederick Smith; 4. Arthur Sketchley; 5. Captain Mayne Reid; 6. Percy B. St. John; 7. William Sala; 10. Walter Thornbury; 11. Gustave Almad; 12. Augustus Mayhew.

180. ENIGMA.—Nothing.

181.—SQUARE WORDS.—

FEAST	LYDIA	STAND
EIDER	YEARS	TAMAR
ADORE	DANES	AMUSE
SERVE	IRENE	NESTS
TREES	ASSES	DRESS

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, JAN. 3RD, 1873.

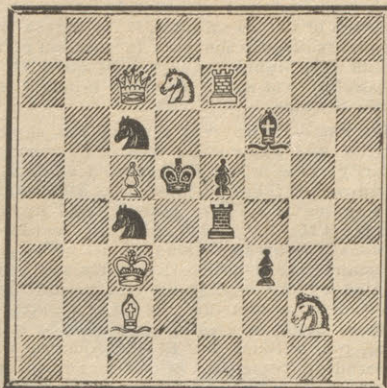
* * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

PROBLEM No. 33.

By F. C. COLLINS.

In memoriam—To Miss E. H. Rudge.

BLACK.



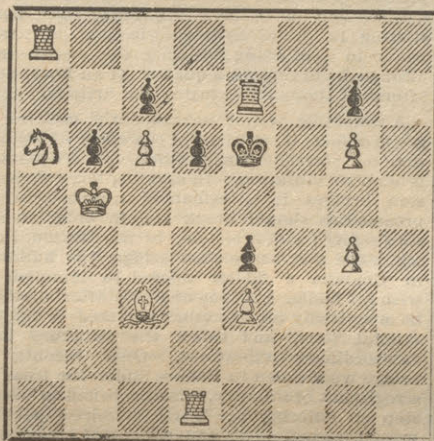
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 34.

By B. M. NEILL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

A PAWN'S PAWN FOR A' THAT.

Some time ago several members of the Edinburgh Chess Club, while travelling to Glasgow to play a match with the chess club there, beguiled the tedium of the journey by composing a parody on one of Burns' best known poems. Sheriff Spens who was the leading spirit in its production, furnished an improved version for the Huddersfield College Magazine, from which excellent periodical we transcribe it:

A Pawn's a Pawn for a' that
A wee bit Pawn an' a' that;
The Pawn that wins the farthest square,
Shall rule the day for a' that.

The muckle pieces come and gang—
The Pawn gangs on for a' that;
He never fears the thickest thrang
But stan's and fa's for a' that.

A Pawn's a Pawn, &c.

D've see you birky ca'd a Knight
Hits twa a' ane an' a' that;
A canny Pawn gies him a fright,
An' back he flees for a' that.

A Pawn's a Pawn, &c.

An' there the Bishops, wi' a rush,
Spring at the King an' a' that;
The Pawns together forward push,
An' beat them back for a' that.

A Pawn's a Pawn, &c.

An' well I ken a swaggering loon
They ca' a Rook an' a' that;
A Pawn may bring the fallow doon
An' kick him out for a' that.

A Pawn's a Pawn, &c.

An' lo! the bonny Queen hersel',
Worth twa big Rooks' ay! a' that;
A wee bit chancy Pawn may sell,
An' trip her up for a' that.

A Pawn's a Pawn, &c.

The King, who proudly tak's his staun',
His guards aroun' an' a' that;
Yields no that seldom to a Pawn
Who cries "checkmate" for a' that.

A Pawn's a Pawn, &c.

A Pawn can mak' a belted Knight,
A Bishop, Rook, an' a' that;
A Queen is no abune his might,
Gude faith! he'll even fa' that.

A Pawn's a Pawn, &c.

WINDING THE SKEIN.

Woman has wiles,
Wherewith she beguiles
Our sensitive sex, whose resistance is vain;
But she's no better plan
For inveigling a man
Than to get him to help her in winding a skein.

His glance fondly lingers
On deft little fingers;
He gets into tangles again and again,
Which while she unravels,
His fond fancy travels
To tying a knot, and not winding a skein.

Why, Heaven preserve us,
'Tis fit to unnerve us,
To see with what ease in the snare we are ta'en;
And how slender the net
Into which we all get,
But cannot escape from, in winding a skein.

Though you'd fain remain single,
Your fingers will tingle, [brain,
You've blood to the heart, and you've love on the
If but once you consent
To the treachery meant
By the harmless employment of winding a skein.

DIFFICULTIES.

The grandest phases of the human character are shown in surmounting difficulties. "It can't be done!" is nothing less than the cry of weakness, indecision, indifference, and indolence. What can be done? Something that some other man has done. Well,—you can do it; or you can do something towards doing it. At all events, you can try. Until you have tried—tried once and again—tried with resolution, application, and industry to do a thing—no one is justified in saying "it can't be done." The plea in such a case is a mere excuse for not attempting to do anything at all.

"Mother, I can't do it," said a little boy looking up from his slate, on which he had been trying hard to work out a sum in algebra. "Try again, my son," said the mother; "never give up until you do it. Stick to it like a man." The boy would be like a man: he was encouraged by the hopeful words of his mother. He stooped down again over his task, and applied himself to it. The difficulty cleared itself away before his stout determination to overcome it; and in a few minutes after, he looked up from his slate with an air of triumph. "Well!" asked the mother, "how is it now?" "I have done it!" said the boy; "nothing like sticking to it!" "Right, my son; and when you have taken any good work in hand that must be done never think for a moment of abandoning it until it has been accomplished. That is the way to be a man." The boy took the mother's advice, and it served him throughout life. The boy is now a man—one of the most famous teachers in our most famous university.

"It can't be done," ruins the best of projects. The very words mean failure and defeat. They are the ejaculation of impotence and despair. When they are uttered, resolution and determination—the soul of all success,—have gone out of the man; and unless he be inspired with some new life and energy, he will do nothing. "Impossible!" said a young French officer of artillery:—"the word should be banished from the dictionary." The officer was Napoleon Bonaparte.

You remember the story of Timour the Tartar and the spider in the cave. Trying to climb to a certain point, the spider fell to the ground again and again; but still the little creature rose again to the task, and at the fortieth effort it succeeded. "Surely," said Timour, "if a spider can succeed after so many failures, so can I after my defeats;" and he sallied from his hiding-place with new hopes, rallied his men, and ultimately conquered.

So in all things. We must try often, and try with increased resolution to succeed. Failure seems but to discipline the strong; only the weak are overwhelmed by it. Difficulties draw forth the best energies of a man; they reveal to him his true strength, and train him to the exercise of his noblest powers. Difficulties try his patience, his energy, and his working faculties. They test the strength of his purpose, and the force of his will. "Is there a man," says John Hunter, "whom difficulties do not dishearten—who takes them by the throat and grapples with them? That kind of man never fails." John Hunter himself, originally a working carpenter, was precisely a man of that sort; and from making chairs on weekly wages, he rose to be the first surgeon and physiologist of his time.

Had Clarkson and Wilberforce, looking at the strong powers of despotism banded together in defence of slavery, sat down crying "it can't be done," the slave trade had never been abolished throughout the British dominions. Had Rowland Hill—deterred by the opposition of the Government and the Post Office authorities, to his grand scheme of postage reform—abandoned it with "it can't be done," the Penny Post would never have been achieved. Had James Watt or George Stephenson sat themselves down with "it can't be done," the magnificent power of steam and the railway system would have remained undiscovered and unapplied.

Let no one say that because he knows a little, and can do a little, he ought, therefore, to rest where he is, and, dismayed at difficulties, give up with "it can't be done—it's of no use trying." Would you lie in the gutter if thrown down

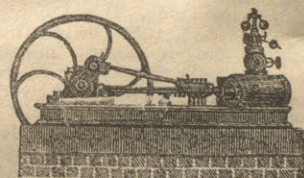
there? No! get up, act, work, cultivate your nature, determine to advance; and if you are resolute, you must eventually succeed. There may be difficulties to encounter, but the dawn will surely come to him who has patience to await it, and who has energy of purpose to grapple with those difficulties, and subdue them. One half of the difficulties will be found imaginary, when they are fairly fronted. In the dark we stumble, and are confused by the first glimpses of light,—we are apt to despair and think the light will never come; but at last we find a footing, and the darkness flies away, as we hastily emerge into the upper air.

Hope and diligence are the life and soul of success. The temper in which the words "it can't be done" are uttered, have no kinship with these. "It can't be done" does nothing;—it is a giving up in despair. But "it can be done," "it must be done," "it shall be done,"—always achieves wonders,—and in the end, seldom fails.

TRUE GREATNESS.

True greatness is the offspring of real goodness. No man can be truly great without being really good. The one is inseparably connected with the other. As the moon is to the sun, so is greatness to goodness: each receives light and beauty from the other. That which is usually called greatness, we think lightly of, because it is only an empty sound. It is generally associated with those good but misused words, power, glory, and wealth. Princes, heroes, and capitalists are its representatives; and the mean, the idle, and the sordid are its worshippers. We do not deny that many belonging to these classes have possessed those elements of greatness which are beginning to be recognised and appreciated by society, but we may safely say that the greater part of them have been strangers to them. How many who have sat on thrones, commanded armies, and possessed millions of money, have embodied in themselves every feature of vice and wickedness! Their deeds oppressed humanity, and their names are a blot on the pages of history. Grecian, Roman, and even English history abounds with instances of the so-called great, whose lives were marked by the foulest crimes, and the filthiest conduct. They were a personification of evil, patterns of folly, vice, and crime; and their memories will be loathed by the latest posterity.

The standard by which men have usually been measured and pronounced great is a false one, and we rejoice that it is gradually coming into disuse. Men are beginning to be valued by their mental and moral worth. The riches of the mind and the wealth of the heart are the principal elements in that greatness which we desire to see universal. The peasant in his cottage may possess more of true greatness than the monarch in his palace. Genius may inspire his mind, and virtue inflame his heart; nobility may be impressed on his brow, and beauty beam in his eye; the voice of praise may sound in his ear, and the pen of the historian record his works of faith, and labor of love; whilst his princely neighbor, whose only boast is of power, wealth, and ancestry, is a plague-spot in creation. He can truly say, "I am creation's heir; the world—the world is mine!" This is not an imaginary picture; it is exemplified in the lives of many of our countrymen.



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